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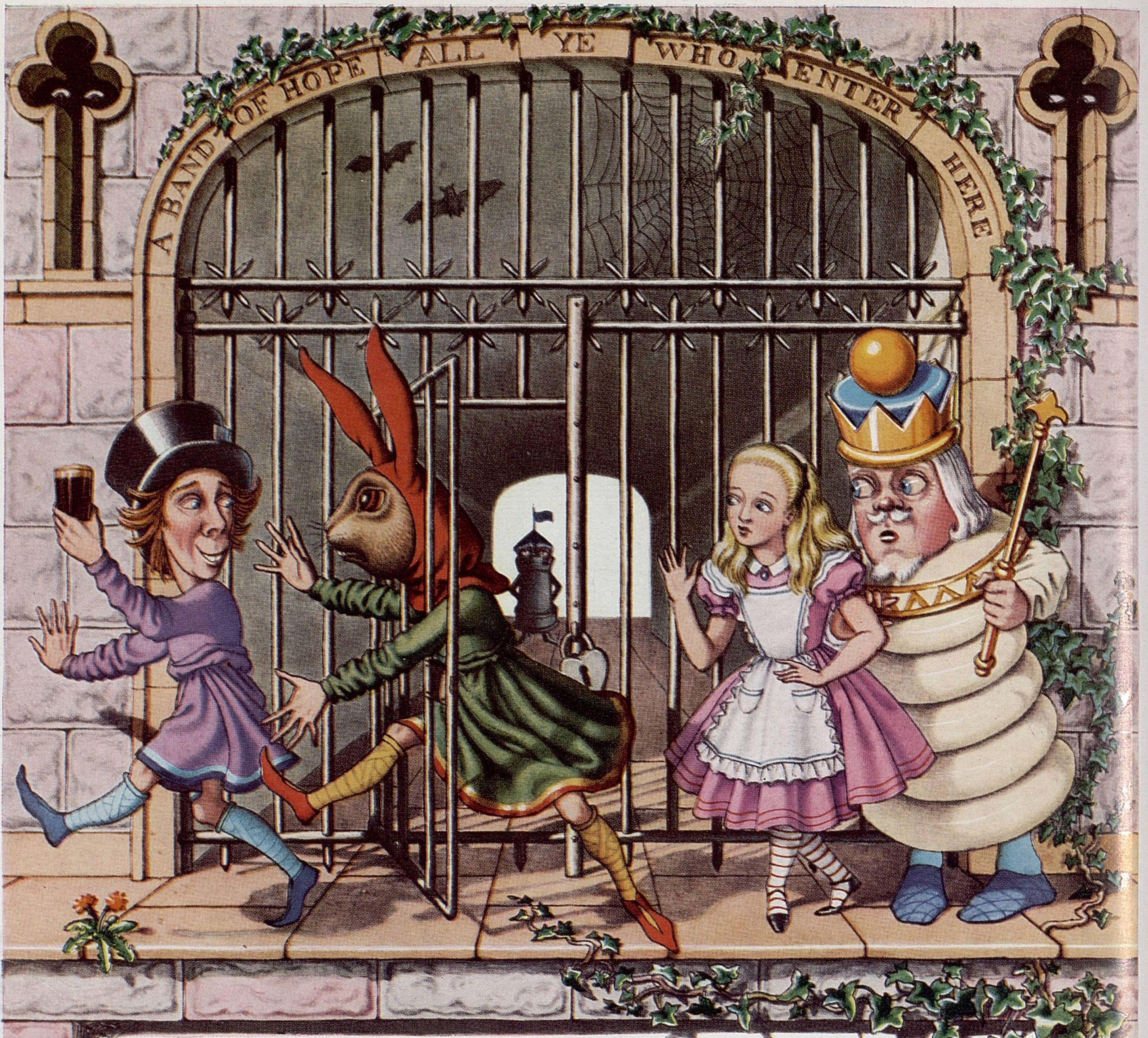
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(A passage which, by some oversight, Lewis Carroll never wrote.)

"Hatta's only just out of prison," said Haigha.

"What was he in for?" Alice ventured to ask.

"A month," said the King.

"I mean," said Alice patiently, "what crime had he committed?"

"He's going to take someone else's Guinness," replied the King nervously.

"But does he go to prison *before* he takes the Guinness?" asked Alice.

"Of course," said the King. "That's how

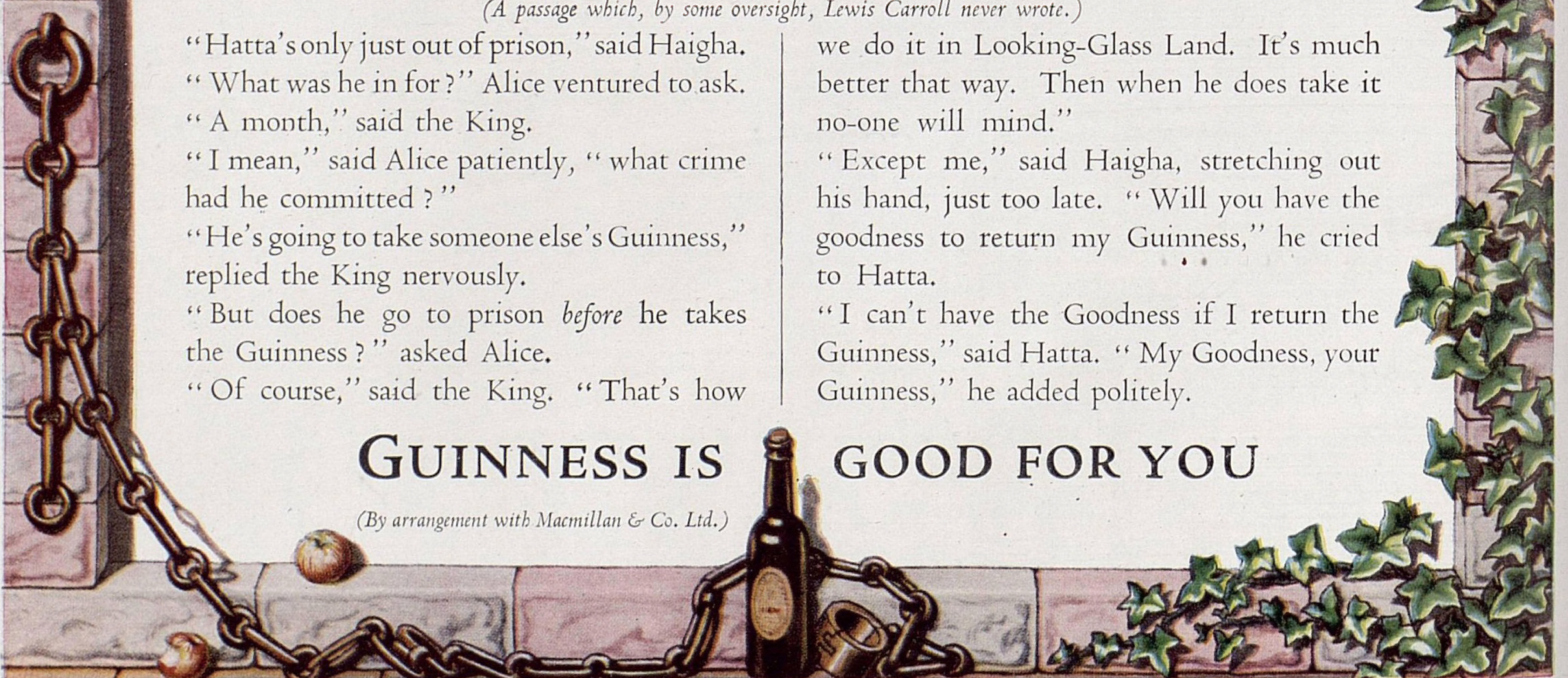
we do it in Looking-Glass Land. It's much better that way. Then when he does take it no-one will mind."

"Except me," said Haigha, stretching out his hand, just too late. "Will you have the goodness to return my Guinness," he cried to Hatta.

"I can't have the Goodness if I return the Guinness," said Hatta. "My Goodness, your Guinness," he added politely.

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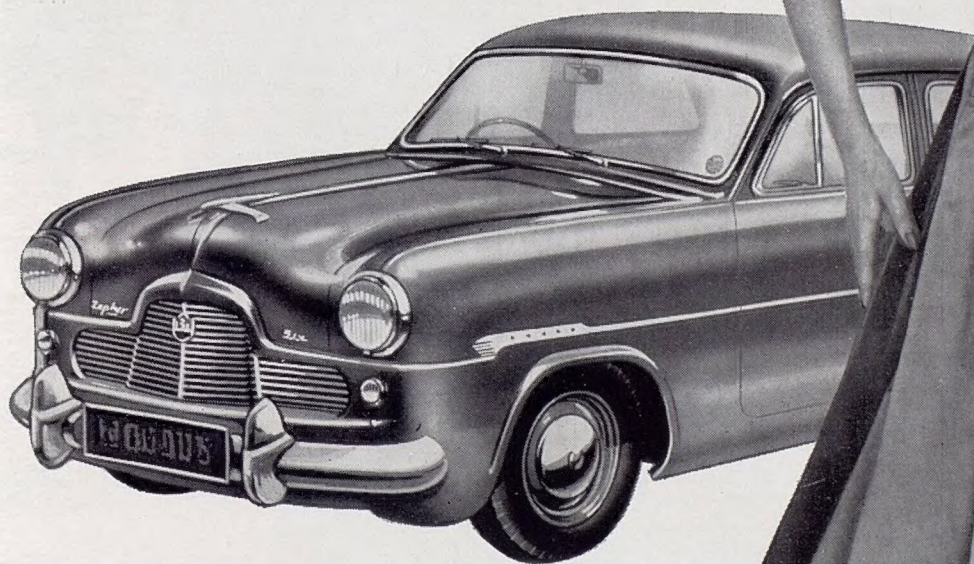
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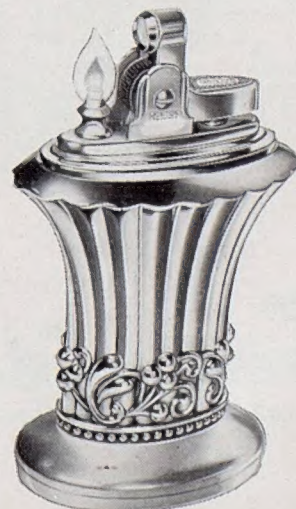
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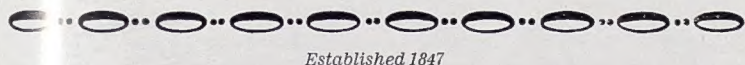
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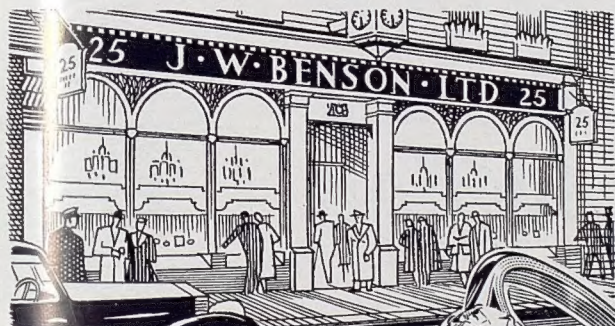
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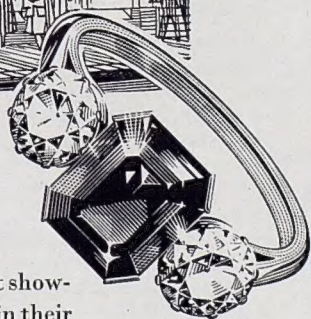


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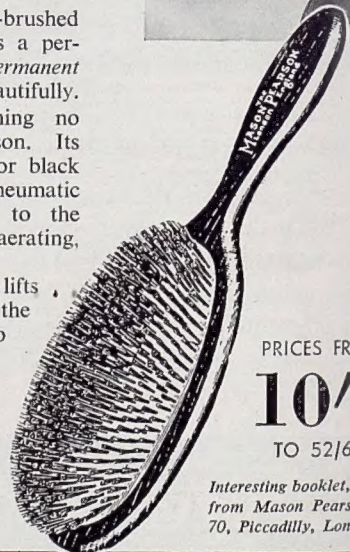


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THE QUEEN MOTHER AS RACING OWNER

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother being escorted to the paddock by the Earl of Lewes, a steward at the course on the second day of the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham. Her Majesty saw her horse M'as-Tu-Vu run unplaced in the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase. She stayed overnight with Sir Frank and Lady Avice Spicer at Spye Park. (More photographs of Cheltenham on pp. 483, 495-7)



Two of the charming corps of programme sellers were Miss GERALYN DONALD and Miss DORIS VINDEN



Mr. and Mrs. ANTHONY BERRY were looking out for friends and acquaintances among the newcomers

SHINING GALA NIGHT AT ROYAL OPERA

TRADITIONALLY, the Royal Opera House rises superbly to a great occasion, and this was demonstrated once more on the visit of the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret to see a performance by the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, of which Jennifer writes opposite. As a result of the evening, the Ballet's benevolent fund, and its school, will benefit to the extent of £3,000



Miss SUSAN WARREN PEARL being greeted by Mr. ROBERT SEYMOUR CHALK during the interval



Talking over the progress of the evening, whose success was already established, were Mr. RIIIS HANSEN, Miss ELIZABETH MESSEL, Mrs. EMLYN WILLIAMS and Mr. OLIVER MESSEL, designer for "Homage To The Queen"



Standing by a beautiful vase of flowers were Mrs. JOSEPH MACKLE and her brother, Mr. G. F. WHITFIELD



Mr. ARNOLD HASKELL, prominent in the Sadler's Wells organization, Miss HELEN HASKELL, his daughter, and Mrs. BARMAN



Three more of the programme sellers were Miss ANGELA KING, Miss DIANA HANAN and Miss DIANA HUTCHINSON

Clayton Evans



Dame Ninette de Valois (right), Director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet and chief founder of its fame, was there to enjoy its triumph. With her is Miss Ailne Phillips, her personal assistant and Ballet Principal of the Sadler's Wells School

ocial Journal

Jennifer

"The Wells" Danced For Royalty

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Margaret, were present at Covent Garden for a gala performance of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Her Majesty was wearing a diamond tiara and diamond necklace and drop ear-rings with her blue and white tulle dress, and the Princess a white net dress embroidered with crystals, and a diamond necklace.

This performance at the Royal Opera House took place on Tuesday, March 9, and the programme was cleverly chosen and exceedingly well danced. It opened with the third act of *Coppélia* followed by *Daphnis And Chloë*, with Michael Somes and Margot Fonteyn dancing the leading rôles superbly, and ended with the lovely Coronation ballet *Homage To The Queen*, with music by Malcolm Arnold, choreography by Frederick Ashton and scenery and costumes by Oliver Messel. This was first performed at Covent Garden on June 2 last year.

The brilliant audience included the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli sitting in the stalls near Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, the Countess of Birkenhead, Viscount Moore escorting Lady Dorothea Head, Mrs. Herbert Agar, Mr. Graham Bailey escorting Mrs. Ian Bailey, and Lord and Lady Cornwallis, who had just returned from a very interesting trip to South America. Watching the performance from the boxes were Viscount and Viscountess Knollys, Mr. W. J. Keswick,

Governor of Hudson's Bay Company, and Mrs. Keswick with Viscount Waverley, Chairman of the Royal Opera House, and Viscountess Waverley. Also present were Earl and Countess De La Warr, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle, Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, the Hon. Caroline Cust and her fiancé Mr. John Partridge, and Viscountess Allenby, who was in white.

★ ★ ★

EARLIER in the week the Queen Mother had shown her love of horse-racing by attending the second and third day of the National Hunt Festival at Cheltenham. For this engagement Her Majesty stayed, as she did last year, with Capt. Frank and Lady Avise Spicer at Spy Park, Chippenham, where the other guests included Lady Hyde, who was in attendance as Lady-in-Waiting, Baroness Nairne over from her home, Derreen in Co. Kerry, and Sir John and Lady Carew Pole. The Queen Mother, who wore a long, blue-flecked coat with a blue hat and carried a platina fox fur on the first day, and a green ensemble with a red fox fur on the second day, watched the racing from the Royal Box, in the centre of the County Stand, which was decorated with spring flowers for the occasion.

With her in the box for some of the races were, besides her host and hostess, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke who motored over each day from their home in Warwickshire, and the Earl and

Countess of Lewes, who were staying with Col. James and Lady Jane Nelson. Lord and Lady Lewes also escorted the Queen Mother when she went to watch the horses in the paddock each day. Here she was joined also by Lord Grimthorpe who, like Lord Lewes and Sir John Carew Pole, were stewards of the meeting.

IT was an unusually social and gay event this year. Everyone in the district seemed to have house parties, and all the hotels were full. At Badminton the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort had the Earl and Countess of Sefton among their guests, Lord and Lady Chesham and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Penn Curzon-Herrick were staying with Mrs. Violet Kingscote, while Mr. and Mrs. Victor McCalmont were at Kington Langley with her father, Col. "Squeak" Sutton, and her brother, Major Dick Sutton, who has been adjutant of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars for the past couple of years, and is shortly off to rejoin his regiment, the 11th Hussars, in Malaya.

Sir Thomas and Lady Cook were staying with Mrs. Monica Stourton, and the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Harbord had friends with her at her father, Lord Vestey's, Gloucestershire home Stowell Park. Among them were Lady Ashcombe, Mr. Harry Brown and Col. Dudley Norton. The Earl and Countess of Normanton were staying with Major "Cuddy" Stirling-Stuart. Major Stanley Cayzer had a house full of guests including Mr. and Mrs. Tom Nickalls.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MILLS, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith (who are hoping to move in May or June to their new home, Houndsell Place in Sussex, which they bought recently from the Earl of Lewes) and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby were among Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn's party at Williamstrip. The Earl and Countess also entertained in their box at the course, as did Lady Margaret Huntington-Whiteley, who, on one of the days, had her sister Lady Diana Kemp-Welch with her, and Mrs. Claud Robinson whose guests included Lt.-Cdr. George and the Hon. Mrs. Marten.

Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne had a big luncheon party each day, and watching the racing with them from their box were Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McKinnon and Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke. Capt. and Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw were receiving friends in their spacious luncheon room and other private box owners dispensing hospitality included Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, who had their daughter Valda with them and also their niece, Mrs. Thompson Jones, whose horse Street Scene ran well in the Foxhunters' Challenge Cup; and Mr. and Mrs. Huntley Sinclair, with whom were her son Mr. David Wills and his wife, and her daughter, Mrs. Jacko McLeod, with her husband, Mr. Jacko McLeod, M.P. for Ross and Cromarty.

(Continued overleaf)



Mr. Ian Graham in conversation with the Hon. Diana Howard, daughter of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, at Covent Garden



The bride and bridegroom at the Savoy reception. The groom is the son of the late Sr. Pedro de Zulueta



Mrs. Edward Clifton-Brown, who was one of the bride's attendants, was chatting to Mrs. Patrick Frost



The bride's parents, Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning and Lady Browning. The bride is their elder daughter



Mrs. Forbes Johnson, Mrs. Douglas Marshall and Mr. P. M. Holman discussing the beautiful wedding ceremony

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Irish Came To Cheer Their Runners On

Other box holders were Lady Anne Holland-Martin deputizing for her brother-in-law, Mr. Ruby Holland-Martin, who did not arrive back from South America until just after the meeting, and Mr. Dick Wilkins, who had one of the top floor boxes with a wonderful view right over the course. His guests included Mr. and Mrs. "Boy" Pilkington, Mr. Guy Lawrence, who is joint owner with his host of Rose Park which ran in the Gold Cup, Mrs. Lawrence and Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt who were off to Marrakesh a few days later.

★ ★ ★

MANY visitors came over from Ireland. Among these were Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth and Mr. and Mrs. Roley Byers. The latter, looking well and warm in a beautiful mink coat, saw her young Irish chaser Digby Diver run well in the Cotswold Steeplechase. Others who had crossed the Irish Sea were Brig. and Mrs. Edward Boylan and their daughter Ann, who is getting married next month, the Earl and Countess of Fingall, both very knowledgeable racegoers, Major and Mrs. Noel Furlong, Lord and Lady Rathdonnell over from Lisnavagh in Co. Carlow, and that great personality the Hon. Mr. Justice Wylie, who was as usual in Mr. Ruby Holland-Martin's box. He was talking to General Sir Miles Dempsey, another keen follower of both National Hunt and flat racing.

PEOPLE had come from all over Britain to the meeting. I met Mrs. Stephen Player, who was thoroughly enjoying seeing so many of her Gloucestershire friends, for she and her husband, who was also racing, used to live down there until they moved up to Derbyshire about two years ago. Lord and Lady Joicey, who had several runners, were down from Berwickshire, and others I saw from the Border Country were Mr. and Mrs. Van Burden, who were staying with Major and Mrs. Hugh Brassey, Sir Eustace Renwick, who had a runner, and Major Ian Straker, whose sons Clive and John were both riding at the meeting. The latter was third on his own horse Cannon Ball in the Grand Annual Steeplechase. I met, too, Sir Peter and Lady Grant Lawson who had arrived back from Malta the week before; he has just retired from the Army, and they are now going to look for a home in the country.

Others of this large attendance were Lord and

Lady Leverhulme, Major Humphrey Legge enjoying his first Cheltenham, the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott, Major Mervyn and Lady Violet Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. John Pope, Earl and Countess Cadogan, who were watching the racing from Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn's box, Lord Somerleyton from Suffolk, the Earl and Countess of Cottenham, whose horse Mandavee unfortunately got cast in his box and could not run, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Duncanson who were all up from Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Fife had come from Yorkshire and stayed with Col. and Mrs. Bill Bovill in Warwickshire, and Mr. and Mrs. John Courage were others from Yorkshire. I also saw Major and Mrs. Martin Gibbs, Col. and Mrs. James Hanbury, Major and Mrs. "Washie" Hibbert, who were having a warming drink in Major Stirling Stuart's box, Lord Stavordale, Lady Mary-Rose Williams talking to Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn—she is to represent England at several International Horse Shows this season—Sir Peter and Lady Farquhar, the latter with her foot in plaster with a broken ankle, the result of being kicked while out hunting, and Sir Robert and Lady Ursula Throckmorton talking to Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Ford.

★ ★ ★

EXCELLENT racing took place on both the second and third day, when I was present, and from many friends who had been there on the opening day I heard about the gallant race that Sir Ken had run to win the Champion Hurdle cup for the third year running. A lot of the credit for this achievement must also go to his jockey Tim Molony, who although he was not in the lead after jumping the final fence never gave up hope for a moment.

The highlight of the second day was, as always, the four miles National Hunt Steeplechase for horses which up to the time of the entries closing have not won a race under any recognized rules of steeplechasing or flat racing and are to be ridden by an amateur. This year the winner came from Ireland. This was Mrs. Robert Smyth's good bay horse Quare Times who, ridden by Mr. T. R. Cox, won with the greatest ease by five lengths. Mr. Geoffrey Kennedy's That's The Spirit, ridden by Mr. T. Daniel, was second, and Mr. H. Gibbon's Filaki, ridden by Mr. B. Ancil, was third. Mrs. Smyth was over from Ireland to watch this victory and was staying for the meeting with her niece Mrs.



Adding youthful exuberance to the occasion were Mr. Christopher Hartley, Mr. Michael Bryan and Mr. Nigel Pemberton



Helping to receive the guests were the bridegroom's sister and her husband, Capt. Jaime Russo, the King's Own Hussars



Mr. Richard Baker-Wilbraham and Miss Marjorie Lumsden were listening to the speeches of congratulation



Miss Margaret Smith and Miss Tina Kenyon-Slaney were two more who had come to offer their felicitations

Maurice Kingscote, who unfortunately broke her collarbone out hunting two days later, and Mr. Maurice Kingscote at Kingscote House. This was the second winner from Ireland that afternoon as Mr. J. H. Griffin's Stroller won the first race.

The last event on the card that day was fought it between France and Ireland, the former eventually achieving success when M. Henry Mount's good-looking chesnut Tasmin, who is trained in France, beat the Hon. Hugh Stanley's knockabout, which had been sent over from Ireland, by a head.

The result of the race for the Cheltenham Gold Cup, in which there were nine runners, was quite a surprise as none of the three best backed horses, the Hon. Dorothy Paget's Mont Tremblant the favourite, Mrs. Keogh's Knock Hard from Ireland the second favourite, or Lady Orde's Galloway were placed. This much coveted Gold Cup was won by Mr. Alan Strange's good stayer Four en, with Lord Bicester's Mariners Log four lengths behind, second, and Contessa di Sant Elia's alloween, another four lengths behind, third.

Four Ten, bred by his owner who farms in Dorset, as only put into training last year. Before that he had been a brilliant point-to-pointer. Last season he won four races including the National Hunt handicap chase at this spring meeting, and this season he had already won three races before the Gold Cup. He was trained locally by Mr. John Roberts, who has stables near Cheltenham.

On the last day three more races were won by Irish trained horses. They were Mr. J. A. Wood's Lucky Dome, which started at 100-8 and won the first race by three lengths, Mr. M. Dawson's Bold Baby, which won the County

Handicap Hurdle after an exciting finish by a neck, and thirdly the winner of the Cathcart Challenge Cup, Lord Bicester's magnificent young chaser Royal Approach, which is trained by his Irish trainer Tom Dreaper at Kilsallaghan.

Royal Approach, ridden by P. Taaffe, took the lead from the start and led throughout, jumping superbly, and eventually won with the greatest of ease by fifteen lengths. It was a very popular victory for a really good young horse—he is only six years old—belonging to a great and beloved owner, and was a fitting finale to what everyone agreed was one of the most enjoyable National Hunt Meetings ever held at Cheltenham.

★ ★ ★

AFTER racing each day there were numerous dinner parties in the district. On Tuesday many hostesses took their guests on to the dance given by Lt.-Col. G. P. Shakerley and officers of the Gloucestershire Hussars, which took place, by kind permission of Lady Apsley and her son Earl Bathurst, at their delightful home Cirencester Park. I heard it was a wonderful dance and went on to the not-so-small hours of the morning. The following evening about eighty friends motored over after dinner to the small, informal and rather impromptu dance which Mrs. Violet Kingscote gave at her home, Pinckney Court, near Malmesbury. The hostess, who looked charming in a smoke blue satin dress embroidered in blue and steel grey beads, had arranged dancing in her long drawing-room and a delicious cold buffet in the dining-room, while the other rooms, which were filled with bowls of spring flowers, were used for sitting out.

The dance band (which numbered only two!) was

amongst the best I have ever heard, especially for a room of this size. They were Mrs. Kingscote's son-in-law, Major Hugh Brassey, who plays the piano better than many professionals, and, accompanying him with the drums and cymbals, Mr. David Wigan, who also played extremely well. He and his very pretty wife were staying for the meeting with his stepfather-in-law and his mother-in-law, Major Reggie and the Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas, who were also at this very good party.

SIR THOMAS and Lady Codrington were there, also Major Billy Peacock and his wife, who was in black, her mother, Mrs. Edgar Brassey, the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Allsopp and the Hon. Mountjoy and Mrs. Fane. They had recently given a very good cocktail party which she amusingly described as their "house cooling" party, as they are expecting to move house soon.

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Roland Findlay came with Col. and Mrs. Humphrey Guinness, the latter wearing a black evening skirt and white blouse with striking winged sleeves. Lord Templemore came with his host for the meeting, Mr. George Murray-Smith, and the Earl and Countess of Normanton with their host, Major Stirling Stuart. I also met Col. Gwynne and the Hon. Mrs. Morgan-Jones, Col. and Mrs. Ferris St. George, whose younger daughter Sally makes her debut this season, and Major Arthur Smith-Bingham and his wife, who told me she had been hunting rather than racing each day.

Col. "Squeak" Thompson, who was staying with Major and Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, brought his pretty daughter Judy who was just back from a visit to the Belgian Congo. Another pretty young girl at

(Continued overleaf)



Mr. R. L. Black was canvassing the prospects of Quare Times, eventual winner, with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kerwood



Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Whitaker were going into the details of the card with some detail just before the race



Confidence in their respective selections was shown by Mrs. T. Readman, Mrs. Guy Holland and Mr. Richard Fortescue

Spectators Discussing The "Irish Threat" On National Hunt Steeplechase Day At Cheltenham



First night discussion between Mr. Neville Teller, business manager for O.U.D.S., and its president, Mr. Michael Pimbury



Leading theatrical figures in Oxford who were there : Mr. Henry White Smith, Mr. Patrick Dromgode, Miss Jeanne Lewis, Mr. Gareth Wigan, Mr. Robin Harland and Miss Janet Draper



Miss Sheila Graveob, star of the last production "The Ortolan," with her fiancé, Mr. A. D. G. Milne, at the party given after the play

Oxford University Dramatic Society Chose "King John" For Their Spring Production

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

A Very Beautiful Nuptial Mass

the party was Miss Alison Pease, talking to Mr. Obbie Waller, who was recovering from the broken knee he sustained by a fall while out hunting in Ireland. Perhaps the prettiest dress at the dance was worn by Mrs. Penn Curzon-Herrick, who with her husband was staying in the house. It had a pale pink draped bodice and the very full and long skirt was made of wild silk in the softest sage green.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE seldom seen a prettier or more serene and composed bride than nineteen-year-old Miss Tessa Browning, when she married Capt. Peter de Zulueta at St. James's, Spanish Place. As the bridegroom belongs to an old Catholic family his bride has adopted his faith, and went through the long and solemn ceremony of the Nuptial Mass which followed the wedding Mass with quiet confidence. The wedding took place just before Lent began, so they had the full service, with most beautiful music and singing.

The bride was given away by her father, Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning, and wore an exquisite dress of gold tinted pearl brocade with a square neckline, Tudor sleeves and a train cut in one with the skirt.

Her long tulle veil was held in place by a small coronet of orange blossom, and she carried a bouquet of white arum lilies.

SHE was attended by one child and five older bridesmaids. The little girl, six-year-old Danielle Hanbury, who wore a peach coloured tulle dress over gold taffeta with mixed freesias in her hair, fainted during the long service and was not well enough to join the bride's retinue when they left the church. The older bridesmaids, who were the bride's sister, Miss Flavia Browning, Miss Olivia Stedall, Miss Ann Lewis, Miss Elizabeth Jukes-Hughes and Mrs. Edward Clifton-Brown, wore long gold satin dresses with half-wreaths of mixed freesias in their hair and carried bouquets of the same flowers. These looked charming in the beautiful setting of St. James's Church, which has so much gilded woodwork and stonework. Huge vases of mixed spring flowers were arranged near the altar and again at the end of the aisle, an arrangement much admired by guests as they arrived and left the church.

After the ceremony there was a reception at the Savoy Hotel, where the bride's parents, Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick and Lady Browning, the latter wearing a petrol green silk dress and hat to match, stood receiving the guests beside the bridegroom's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Jaime Russo.

Among those I saw at the reception were the bridegroom's stepfather the Marquess of Bristol, the bride's aunts, Miss Angela du Maurier, who like the bride's mother is an author, and Miss Jeanne du Maurier, a clever painter, and Gladys Cooper, who has been a friend of Lady Browning's family for very many years. Also there were Princess Galitzine, talking to Mrs. Edward Slesinger, who wore a pale blue feathered hat with her fur coat, Lord and Lady Bocket, and Sir Edmund Paston-Bedingfeld, who was formerly in the bridegroom's regiment and is now learning the business of estate agency from the beginning.

OTHERS included Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks who were chatting with Major Edward Ford, who is an Assistant Private Secretary to the Queen. Many members of the Royal Household could not get to the wedding as there was an



A TOAST IN THE MAKING at the twenty-first birthday party at the Savoy of Miss Elizabeth Rayne Robertson (right). With her are Mrs. Richard Lea, her mother, Mr. R. G. Newbury, Mrs. Newbury, Mr. James Bryan Robertson, her father, and Sub-Lt. Tony Collins, R.N.

investiture that morning. The Hon. Mrs. Marten, Col. and Mrs. Bill Murray Laws, Mr. and Mrs. George Knight, who had just returned from a trip to Africa, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, whose son, Lord Westbury, has recently written a book on cookery which is to be published in April, were others I saw there. The Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stone, Capt. Peter Black who was also formerly in the bridegroom's regiment the Welsh Guards, and Mrs. Black, wearing a gay little cap with her fur coat, Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, as always meeting numerous friends, Capt. and Mrs. H. Homfray, Mr. Nicholas Hanbury answering inquiries about his little bridesmaid daughter, and Mr. Christopher Hartley chatting to Mr. Ruairaidh Hilleary, were other guests.

After they had cut the cake and spent some time happily mixing with the guests, the young couple left for Switzerland, to spend a ski-holiday honeymoon.

★ ★ ★

MANY friends came to the little farewell cocktail party which Major and Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller gave in their delightful house just north of Hyde Park. They were leaving a week later for what they hoped would be a restful sea trip on the Holland America Line's cargo boat Dongedeyck via the Panama Canal to California and then Vancouver. They are later returning home via the United States, and do not expect to be back until June.

Among those who came to wish them *bon voyage* and a happy trip were the Portuguese Ambassador, the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, the American Consul General and Mrs. Krentz, and Comte de Borgrave, who was only over from Belgium for a few days. Other charming Belgians enjoying the party were Commandant Cuissart de Grelle and his wife, and M. and Mme. de Bassonpierre; he, like the Commandant, is also working at the Belgian Embassy.

Major Torquhil Matheson, who is in his host's old regiment, brought his pretty fiancée, Miss Serena Peto. They are to be married in April. Lt.-Col. Worrall, also of the Coldstream Guards, and just back from Egypt, was there, also one of the youngest members of this Guards regiment, the host's great-nephew, Mr. Nicholas Cobbold, Lord FitzAlan of Derwent and Vicomte d'Orthez had a long talk to their hostess, who looked charming in a pale mauve dress embossed with black velvet flowers. Lady McMahon brought her clever actress grand-daughter, Brenda Bancroft, Lord and Lady Chilton came to say *au revoir*, as also did Lord and Lady Stamp (he with his foot in plaster as the result of a fall from a ladder), and General and Mrs. Stone.

MRS. J. R. BATEMAN

IN our issue of January 27 we published photographs of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt Ball. A member of one of the groups was incorrectly described as Mrs. J. R. Bateman. We regret the error and apologize to Mrs. J. R. Bateman, of 6 St. John's House, Smith Square, Westminster, the wife of Mr. J. R. Bateman, for any inconvenience occasioned to her.



Mr. Evelyn de Rothschild on his horse Flamenco after winning the United Hunts' Club race



A wagon provided a viewing stand for Mr. F. Harvey, one of the stewards of the course, Mr. H. T. Cottrill, Col. G. T. Hurrell, O.B.E., and Mr. D. P. Crossman, also a steward



The Hon. Nicole Yarde-Buller and Miss Margaret Ross left the paddock to find a vantage point for the next race

OVER THE STICKS AT COTTENHAM

THE Cambridge University United Hunts' Club held their annual point-to-point at Cottenham and in spite of the poor weather there was a record attendance. There were seven races during the afternoon and good entries ensured excellent sport for the many spectators



Mr. Clive Hardcastle and Miss Roessa Ormonde took a keen interest in the runners as they were paraded



The Hon. David Nall-Cain and Mr. Andrew Watson, both of whom went down from Cambridge last year, with Miss Annette Williams



Miss Rosemary Hall checking her race card with Mr. Malcolm Gomme-Duncan of Trinity College



Lt.-Col. F. H. Deacon, who was the judge at the meeting, with Miss Mary Ayckroyd, Miss E. Deacon and Mrs. Deacon

Stenham



VIRGINIA McKENNA AS CASSANDRA MORTMAIN perches precariously on the kitchen sink, bewildered by the eccentricities of her stepmother (Georgina Cookson), her sister Rose (Yvonne Furneaux), her father (George Relph) and her brother (Andrew Ray)

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"I Capture The Castle" (Aldwych)

MISS DODIE SMITH seems curiously averse from giving herself a fair chance to recapture her old strongly fortified position on the West End stage. *A Letter From Paris*, her first venture after a long absence in America, was a foredoomed attempt to breathe the wrong kind of vivacity into one of the more faded of Henry James's studies in international manners. Its successor turns a story which she has already told in a novel with charming ease, into a play which rambles hither and thither and gets nowhere.

This is not the sort of theatrical work that we expect from Miss Dodie Smith. Her way in the thirties was to give that effective theatrical shape to domestic humours and troubles which audiences received with a delighted gasp of recognition. They, too, kept the tea in the white tin canister plainly marked "Sugar"; they, too, knew the slightly disturbing effect of the first spring day breaking over the almond trees in the suburban road; and they liked to see these familiar things put on the stage. Would this once consistently successful formula work as well today? Perhaps it wouldn't; but we shall never know until its originator tries it out again in a play which is really a play and not a mere adaptation.

THERE is, meanwhile, this story of two sisters living in picturesque poverty in the ruins of a medieval castle with an amiable but lazy father who, having written one great book, has lost his nerve and is afraid to begin another. The rent of the castle is long in arrears, no bills are paid, but the family is a charming family and everyone is very kind. The older sister has reached a somewhat dangerous age. She is inclined to think that the family charm might be employed in a more positive way. She makes a playful pact with a gargoyle who may be an angel or may be a fallen angel. The gargoyle at once honours the holy or the unholy pact by sending along a couple of rich Americans. One of them loves England as some Americans really do. He would not dream of demanding the arrears of rent for the castle of which he is the new landlord, and he is clearly marked out by the gargoyle as an eligible husband for the girl who has staked her immortal soul in the pact.

With the help of the younger sister a marriage is

arranged. The touch of fantasy is rather intriguing, and it is deepened by a strange happening to the younger sister. She celebrates for the last time the midsummer rites of childhood, and becomes frighteningly aware in the midst of them that she is, with all the overwhelming passion of adolescence, everlastingly in love with the man who loves her sister.

ON arrival at this point, these intimations of fantasy, with their echoes from *Dr. Faustus* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, lead us to suppose that something like a play is slowly taking shape; and we begin the second half with fair hopes. To our surprise the promise of fantastic developments is quietly dropped. The journalizing younger sister (she is used quite needlessly and rather tiresomely as the narrator of the whole story after the fashion of *I Remember Mama*) goes on suffering the conventional ecstasies and tortures of unrequited love. She is troubled by her own frivolousness in response to the irreproachably modest advances of a devoted rural swain. She takes to drink—at least, she takes a huge swig from a liqueur bottle, gasping "I thought people supped liqueurs simply because they were expensive—" and a friendly parson divining her trouble gives her a skilfully disguised "pi-talk." And little by little she is brought to see that her adored sister is in fact contemplating marriage for money.



A RICH AMERICAN with matrimonial intentions and impressive beard as played by Richard Greene

IT is hard to feel any interest in the artificial dénouement so long laboured after. The piece played for three hours on the opening night, and the last half hour seemed to me every second of thirty minutes. But even then Miss Virginia McKenna kept her grip on the character of the journalizing heroine. Her performance was the saving of the evening, discovering for the girl growing up to meet love for the first time just the sort of intensity which turns as easily to high-spirited fun as to blank despair. Mr. George Relph had little to do but be agreeably absent-minded as the author whose one famous book began where James Joyce left off and has left him fairly gravelled for further matter. The rest of the characters are mere sketches, but three of them are dealt with admirably by Mr. Cyril Luckham, Mr. Roger Moore and Miss Joan White.



Vivienne

VIVECA LINDFORS is the Swedish actress who has been hailed as the "new Garbo," though in fact she has no need of comparisons, however flattering, being a fine actress in her own right. She will be seen on the stage in London for the first time in Lord Vivian's production of *The White Countess*, a play by J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes, which will have its first night at the Saville on March 24th. The setting is romantic—a castle in Austria in the year 1809

London Linelight



Mother and father (Beatrix Lehmann and Lionel Jeffries) discuss the bride with acerbity, at the Arts Theatre

No Toasts At This Wedding

NO credit is given at the Arts Theatre to the translators of Lorca's *Blood Wedding*, which is just as well, for whatever power or beauty this turgid story originally possessed has been lost *en route* from Andalusia. It is a grim tale of peasant passions, family feuds, lust and vengeance, tricked out with a deal of symbolism from foggy woods haunted by the ghosts of Maeterlinck and Rabindranath Tagore.

Only one actor was able to keep his feet on the ground and make sense of this ponderous balderdash, and that was Mr. Lionel Jeffries, whose shambling, tongue-tied farmer had a real urge for the soil about him. Alone, this player made himself and his words credible in the midst of what appeared to be amateur verse-night at the Emancipated Spinsters' Poetry Guild.

HENRY SHEREK, back from the U.S.A., has commissioned Sandy Wilson, creator of *The Boy Friend*, to compose for a projected musical version of *Pygmalion*. This is based on the Pascal film adaptation, and will be produced in conjunction with that ebullient maestro. This follows the up-to-the-moment trend initiated by Noël Coward, but is, of course, not new, even for Shaw, *vide The Chocolate Soldier*. Whether the new work will be retitled *A Barrow Girl's Romance* or *The Language of Love*, is not revealed. But I hope that no impresario will think kindly of asking Gian-Carlo Menotti to consider the musical of *Ghosts*.

JACK HYLTON's production of *Pal Joey*, a long-established American success, will be seen at the Princes on March 31st. It was first seen in 1940 on Broadway, and has been twice revived. This is the last of the Rodgers-Hart shows, for Hart died in 1943 and Hammerstein replaced him in this most successful of big musical combines.

The star will be "Harold Lang of the United States," a title conferred upon him at the request of Equity in order to differentiate him from our own player of that name. In much the same fashion, Norman Wilkinson of Four Oaks, the eminent painter and designer, takes this fuller signature to separate his work in the public mind from that of Norman Wilkinson, P.R.I., greatest of living marine artists. Lang, U.S.A., began life as a ballet dancer and has, indeed, appeared at Covent Garden, but is better known as a cabaret performer, which is also the major claim to fame of his co-star, Miss Carol Bruce, who is no relation of Brenda.

In view of this conglomeration of identities, histories and successive talents, it is not remarkable that the hit tune of the show is "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered."

—Youngman Carter



Betty Swaeb

A REST BY THE GATEWAY for the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough and their three elder children, Lady Maria Noel, Viscount Campden and Lady Juliana Noel, while out for a walk in the grounds of their home, Exton Park, Oakham, Rutland. The Earl and Countess also have a two-months-old daughter, Lady Celestria Noel. The Countess, formerly Miss Mary Stourton, is a relative of Lord Mowbray, and married the Earl in 1947



"FINE STATE OF AFFAIRS for a hungry girl," says Lady Maria Noel, appetite sharpened by her walk, on finding the promise of a paper bag literally empty, despite the keenest investigation into its recesses

Talk Around the Town

I do pray that the Royal tour will not rob the public of the illusion that rain is an English monopoly and that the rest of the world is bathed in sunshine, which illusion stimulates the nation's grin-and-bear-it spirit.

Time and again the correspondents following the Queen through the sun-baked Dominions have had to interpolate notes about hastily raised umbrellas, and of her Majesty keeping to the programme "despite the steady downpour." And this in Australia's midsummer months!

The truth is that there is a world-wide conspiracy to tell awful lies about the weather.

A film starlet said the other day she liked Hollywood "although they seem to have fogs all the time." Which is telling the truth: Hollywood, or the visiting starlet? Into a different category goes the fact of Nice being a ski-ing centre. This is usually obscured in favour of its Battle of Flowers.

I have seen Venice under heavy snow and the west coast of Scotland enjoying summer weather in March. This very month the Bosphorus has been frozen over!

Few spots on this earth enjoy a steady climate; and the inhabitants of those that do—usually complain of the monotony.

★ ★ ★

SIR SPENCER PERCEVAL's despatch box is rightly given a place in the Edward Marsh Exhibition at the Book League's rooms in Albemarle Street.

It was the murder of Perceval that, in one sense, made possible this connoisseur's collection of pictures, MSS., and letters ranging from those of Marsh's beloved Rupert Brooke, to musical fragments from Ivor Novello, with James Joyce, Ezra Pound and the two Lawrences, and for political measure, papers from three of his Cabinet Minister masters as a Civil Servant—Asquith, Balfour and Churchill.

Edward Marsh was proud of his descent from Perceval, and had to thank the Prime

Minister who was murdered in the Lobby, for a sixth of the Government grant in aid of the widow's family.

Just how much this was by 1953. (when "Eddie" died) was his own concern, but I looked up the *D.N.B.* and find that in 1812 there was "a grant to Perceval's family of £50,000, and a further £2000 a year to his widow for life, with remainder to the eldest son, on whose succession the pension was to be increased to £3000."

Marsh was a great-grandson.

The future Prime Minister of the later Napoleonic era was described when a young man as "with very little reading, of a conversation barren of instruction, and with strong and invisible prejudices; yet by his excellent temper, his engaging manners, and his sprightly conversation, he was the delight of all who knew him."

A fairly elastic analysis of a man educated at Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge.

★ ★ ★

SEVERAL vintage cars are crossing the Atlantic to join in an "old crocks" rally with some of our own museum specimens. They ought to find themselves quite at home on our vintage roads.

Driving out of London in any direction has become such an irritating and exhausting process that I wonder so many people motor up from the country each day to their work, instead of taking trains, buses and taxis. But many do, as you can see from the all-day parking in the West End from Monday to Friday.

The American vintage cars are not such very old crocks, I notice; although the earliest of the ten is dated 1906, the latest will be 1930. A "tin-lizzie" of earlier than that parks itself (complete with bright red hood) outside my window from time to time. It appears to run very well.

★ ★ ★

As a collector of odd place-names I have always been under the impression that the most fanciful are to be found in the south of England, with East Anglia making a rich contribution, and Sussex high on the list with neighbouring Hampshire.

I am told that I have ill-informed myself.

Where is Shocklach Oviatt, Ouida, Coole Pilate and Tushington-cum-Grindley? You will find them in the county of Cheshire. And where Gibraltar, the Bongs, Gallantry Bank, Foxtwist Green, Marbury-cum-Quoisley, Aston-juxta-Mondrum, Nab End and Raby? Also in the county of Cheshire.



THE EARL OF DUMFRIES (right), son and heir of the Marquess of Bute, with his twin brother, Lord David Crichton-Stuart. Their coming of age was recently celebrated with great rejoicing at Mount Stuart, Rothesay, Isle of Bute

First prize belongs, I rather think, to a name which would well suit the heroine of any historical novel—Cassia Green.

Some place-names are oddly expressive. The Hull by-election at "Haltemprice," for instance. Like many another, this is a corruption, and comes from a mediæval abbey called the Haute Emprise.

Many places I doubt exist, except on outdated registers. One hot summer's day three years ago I was in the Chilterns and thought I would like to visit Christmas Common. I never really found the place; it was too elusive, always round the corner, or the next hamlet, or down a lane that no longer existed.

It seems that there is as much talent—or even more—being lavished on picking to pieces the B.B.C.'s efforts to please than are expended on producing the programmes.

A young man who cuts up newspapers for analysis tells me that more words were written about one recent TV offering than were in the script itself—the critics' score being 2700 words from seven different pens.

"And," he added, "more money was probably spent writing them than was paid out by the B.B.C."

I admit to boredom when faced with a column of hard-hitting criticism on

something so ephemeral as a broadcast variety show or even play, but I suppose people do enjoy reading it.

It seems only yesterday (actually early in the 'twenties) when the first shadow-screen criticisms appeared. There were only two West End cinemas then: the New Gallery and the little Rialto, in Coventry Street. Leicester Square was still—well, it had not been transformed into a strip of the tawdriest part of Broadway.

★ ★ ★

MY recent note on books which lack dates of their writing has caused a reader to send me a mystery credited to M. Georges Simenon.

"Can you puzzle this one out?" asks the accompanying card.

Sixty-thousand francs are stolen from a bedroom, but two of the characters seem anxious to replace, and forget, the trifle. A third gives a chambermaid a tip of 25 centimes.

Another character cries: "Just fancy—12 francs for a dinner like this! Why, they don't even use butter for cooking!"

Then a man buys a nice house for 60,000 francs.

My only thought is that in these trying decades it is dangerous to put too much emphasis on currency in a matter of plot.

The franc was 25 to the £ in 1914, and as far as I remember there were £6 to the thousand in 1939, and now it is a thousand francs, more or less, to the pound. No, I cannot solve this puzzle.

★ ★ ★

THERE must be something in the air of Cambridge that stimulates lively writing, for the university continues to produce some excellent journalism.

My current issue of *Varsity* contains a pleasant little satire entitled: "I Was Batman To The Batmen of A Royal Duke," which promises "Next Sunday: The Missing Links. I go to Court. 28 days at H.M.'s expense."

And the captain of University Swimming, after remarking on our ancient universities' inability to provide such amenities as were not thought necessary in the Middle Ages, asks why Cambridge has no swimming-bath. Even Aberdeen, Manchester, Aberystwyth and Loughborough, have their own pools.

But doubtless the real reason is suggested by the elderly don when the first domestic baths were about to be installed: "What do undergraduates want with baths when they are only here for eight weeks at a time?"

—Gordon Beckles



Members of the Walton Heath Golf Club Dined, With Their Friends, in the West End

A drink on arrival at the May Fair Hotel for Mrs. A. C. Critchley, Mrs. J. Crosthwaite, Mrs. Allom and Mr. D. S. Allom

Mrs. O. R. Ainslie, Mrs. B. Passmore and Mrs. L. Blanch were looking forward to better weather and improved golf

Committee of welcome was Mrs. Emsley Carr, Mr. Emsley Carr (captain of the Club), Mrs. H. French and Mr. H. M. Braid

TIME OF THEIR LIVES AT BIRTHDAY PARTY

YOUNG friends of Nicholas Daubeny, son of Mr. Peter Daubeny, the impresario, and his wife, voted his fifth birthday party the best they had ever been to. High spirits were kept under hatches until after the cake-cutting. Then it was a riot, mightily enjoyed by all. Helping, with great vivacity, to entertain was year-old Caroline Daubeny



The large and luscious iced cake required the threefold efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Daubeny and Nicholas to cut cleanly, so thick and fruity was it. The operation was watched with great intentness



"He's got my space-gun." Mark Havelock-Allan ponders a complaint in re Christopher Sidler



It's perfect bliss, decided Harry Somerset, son of Mr. David and Lady Caroline Somerset. Behind, Peter Campbell and Nicholas Daubeny



Also playing with toys they were given at the party were Caroline Daubeny, Timothy Fearon, Michael Attenborough and Victoria Thorneycroft



About to pull the cracker were Melinda Blaikie and Marie-Louise Austen, and there to see fair play was the young host, courteous but firm



Being helped to a glass of champagne by Mr. Gordon Muir (St. John's) were Miss Anne Miles, of Newnham (left), Mr. H. R. L. Samuel (St. John's) and Miss Dorothy Williams (Newnham). The ball was organised by the C.U. Liberal Club

A GREEN RIBBON BALL was given by the Whigs of Cambridge University, which had immense success despite the snowy weather. More than 350 guests were entertained, and a midnight buffet supper was followed by a cabaret given by the Footlights



Mr. Martin Rosenhead (St. John's) and Miss Frances Cornwall were listening to a story told by a friend



Watching the dancers enjoying some excellent jazz were Miss Elizabeth Davis and Mr. Denis Diamond (Clare)



Desmond O'Neill

Refreshments and conversation between dances for Mr. A. C. Le Maitre (St. John's), Miss Sally Randall (Newnham), Mr. Sean Morrisson (St. John's) and Miss Pamela Walker (Newnham)



DINING OUT

Bringing a Steak to Reason

MOST housewives know that to soak a steak in olive oil is conducive to greater tenderness, but recently I have seen this process carried further at the hands of a *chef de cuisine*—although he deprecated the necessity.

His steaks are placed in a pan and covered with olive oil and slices of lemon for two days. They are hung for two days, and then put back in another pan and covered in red wine.

This restaurant is celebrated for its steaks.

Just after the war there was a certain Soho restaurant where you could get a tender steak of what was suspiciously like horse. What process this went through I never knew, but the restaurant has since confessed that it was indeed horsemeat.

These bleak weeks see the restaurants in a seasonal state of suspense, wondering just how much meat there is going to be after all—and whether there will really be more butter, as there have been more eggs.

THE EGG AND BACON (Corner of Coventry Street Corner House).—Some young readers found this place at eleven o'clock after the theatre. So we paid a visit.

It's on the mezzanine floor. Through a plate-glass window six immaculately-garbed chefs can be seen doing all sorts of things to eggs and bacon. A distinct novelty—even if you don't eat. I wish it was possible to see more kitchen close-ups like this. Or, rather, that they would dare to show us.

The eggs are served *sur le plat*, of course, which is the most satisfactory way. Prices range from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d., orders taken up to midnight, open until 12.30 a.m.

ANY restaurant who wishes to copy the above idea is reminded that there are about twenty other variations of *œufs sur le plat*. Instead of bacon there can be calf's kidneys, chicken liver, cheese and onions, anchovy fillets, spinach leaves, etc.

Theatre-going continues to split the public into two parts: one makes do with a drink and a sandwich before, the other either survives to dine at home or to risk a restaurant.

To be fair to restaurateurs, late service has greatly improved. Could not theatre managers come to terms with the chefs about the hour of raising the curtain.

If you get caught out very late in London any taxi-driver will advise a bacon-and-eggs-and-coffee spot, ranging from odd Italian shops near stations to the Junior Turf Club, still on the job at Hyde Park Corner, next to the pavement artist's gallery.

—I. Bickerstaff



Bringing Major R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan's 5.5-metre Sha-Sha to her mooring were Major Peter Longmore (crew), Lt.-Col. R. S. G. Perry (helmsman) and Capt. Desmond Dillon, R.M. (crew). Right, Dottore Massimo Oberti chatting to Mr. George Gill, Mr. Laurent Giles, the yacht designer, and Signore Bruno Veronese





From the clubhouse balcony Miss Elizabeth Brent-Good and Mrs. Desmond Dillon were watching activity aboard the yachts moored at the quay



Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Nicholson, who came from England by car to see the racing, were enjoying themselves wandering round the harbour



The Marquese Paolo Pallavicino, president of the club, with Mr. F. J. Mitchell, Hon. Commodore Royal Corinthian Y.C., and Mrs. Mitchell

ITALIAN YACHTSMEN

HAD EARLY REGATTA

GENOA, home port of Christopher Columbus, saw a bold and successful celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Yacht Club Italiano. In a fortnight's international racing only one day, even at this early season, was stormy enough to stop sailing, and ashore the visitors, who included some Britons, were entertained with princely hospitality by the Club



Aboard Half Pint were Sig. P. Gavanini, Count Gianmarco Borea d'Olmo, Mrs. Archer and owner Mr. Lee Archer



Gabor Denes

Looking out through the magnificent entrance of the clubhouse, its Gothic form repeated in the bows of the moored yachts, the bag of sailing gear symbolises the preparations afoot for the racing



Pearl Freeman

PRINCE AND PRINCESS GEORG OF DENMARK are two of the most popular young people about town and are frequently seen at first nights and other important social occasions. Prince Georg has for some years been Acting Military Attaché to the Danish Embassy in London, and married the Princess, daughter of the late Hon. John Bowes-Lyon, a kinsman of the Queen Mother, in September 1950

Priscilla in Paris

A Little Present For Josephine

DETESTING housework as I do, I cannot understand the contradictory urge that, every year, sends me skeltering off to the Salon des Arts Ménagers almost before the turnstiles have been greased. It is not because I am hunting for a Robot to replace the faithful Josephine who, for twenty-three somewhat eventful years, has put up with my whims and fancies, and certainly not because I am searching for the ideal coffee-grinder, potato-peeler or linen washer.

The spare-room cupboard is bursting its panels, so crammed is it with discarded gadgets that the aforementioned Hebe has sniffed at and put out of action as speedily as possible. She is of the old school that sports no tie. On the warmest summer day she prefers to make innumerable trips between a red-hot kitchen stove and a

steaming ironing-board rather than use an electric iron. She burns no taper in honour of Edison. Give her an electric bed-warmer and she will warm the bed so thoroughly that the fire brigade has to be called out.

No. There is nothing utilitarian about my visit to the Grand Palais; it is merely pleasurable. I find a tremendous thrill in watching all the about-to-be, or recently, wed couples flocking round the stands that display so many labour-saving devices. They have no Josephine to jam the works, and the patent cooker that roasts the Sunday joint quickly enough for them to queue up for the ball game early conjures up such beatific smiles on their intent faces that it warms an onlooker's heart! Nevertheless I saw a certain little thingummyjig for opening tins that really took my fancy. I shall have to get a bigger cupboard for the spare room.

A NEW theatre has opened its doors. A new theatre with an old and famous name, Théâtre des Arts. From 1906 to 1940 this name was blazoned from the cramped-looking façade of a small theatre on the boulevard des Batignolles. Of recent years it has become known as the Théâtre Hébertot, taking the name of the present owner and director, to whom theatregoers owe so many brilliant productions.

Knock, Maya, Mamoiselle Bourrat, L'Aigle a Deux Têtes (Feuillière's greatest success after she left the Comédie Française); so many magnificent players: the Pitoeffs, Louis Jouvet, Marcel Simon; so many fine plays by Tchekhov, Shaw, Sarment, Pirandello and, later, Giraudoux, Anouilh, Achard . . . but it is impossible to cite them all. Madame Alexandra Roubé-Jansky has bravely seized upon the discarded name and the new Arts Theatre, on which she has lavishly spent her entire fortune, is now to be found half-way up the steep and narrow rue de Rochechouart.

IN the old days it was considered quite a journey to get to the Batignolles. Mme.

Roubé-Jansky—"Choura" to her friends—keeps to the tradition. On gala nights when long skirts are a sartorial "embarrassment of riches," only chauffeur-driven folk will find her lovely theatre very accessible. This, however, is a mere detail. May gala nights be, if not few, at least far between, and ordinary nights run into their hundreds.

It was a comedy by our wonderful Colette that was acclaimed on the two opening nights by an enthusiastic gala audience led by Madame René Coty and, next day, by the unanimously delighted critics together with the more personal friends of the great writer. There are 600 seats in the Théâtre des Arts. This means that 1,200 bearers of famous names—or, more simply, names that are well known—were present during those evenings. Most of them are renowned by their own merit, many of them are great because Colette has love for them.

I saw an old woman who, in her youth, had been Colette's dresser when Colette herself was on the stage, miming the part of a cat in a wordless play. I saw Georges Wague, who was Colette's partner in another *mimodrame*, and who is now a professor at the Paris conservatoire of acting. There were political personages, great musicians and painters. Touchages "did" the programmes and the posters—and there were all the members of the Académie Goncourt, of which Colette is president.

THE play is *Gigi*, taken from a short novel of that name written by Colette in 1942. It already has had a European film success, with Danièle Delorme, and an American stage success, with Audrey Hepburn. Now *Gigi* comes back to Paris and is having a grand welcome. This is, I think, because *Gigi* is, perhaps, the only one of Colette's adorable stories that neither the footlights nor the camera can hurt.

Enfin!

● A headline in the morning Press: "The price of bread will not be increased, but the baguette [a long, thin loaf] will be slightly smaller." (Sic!)

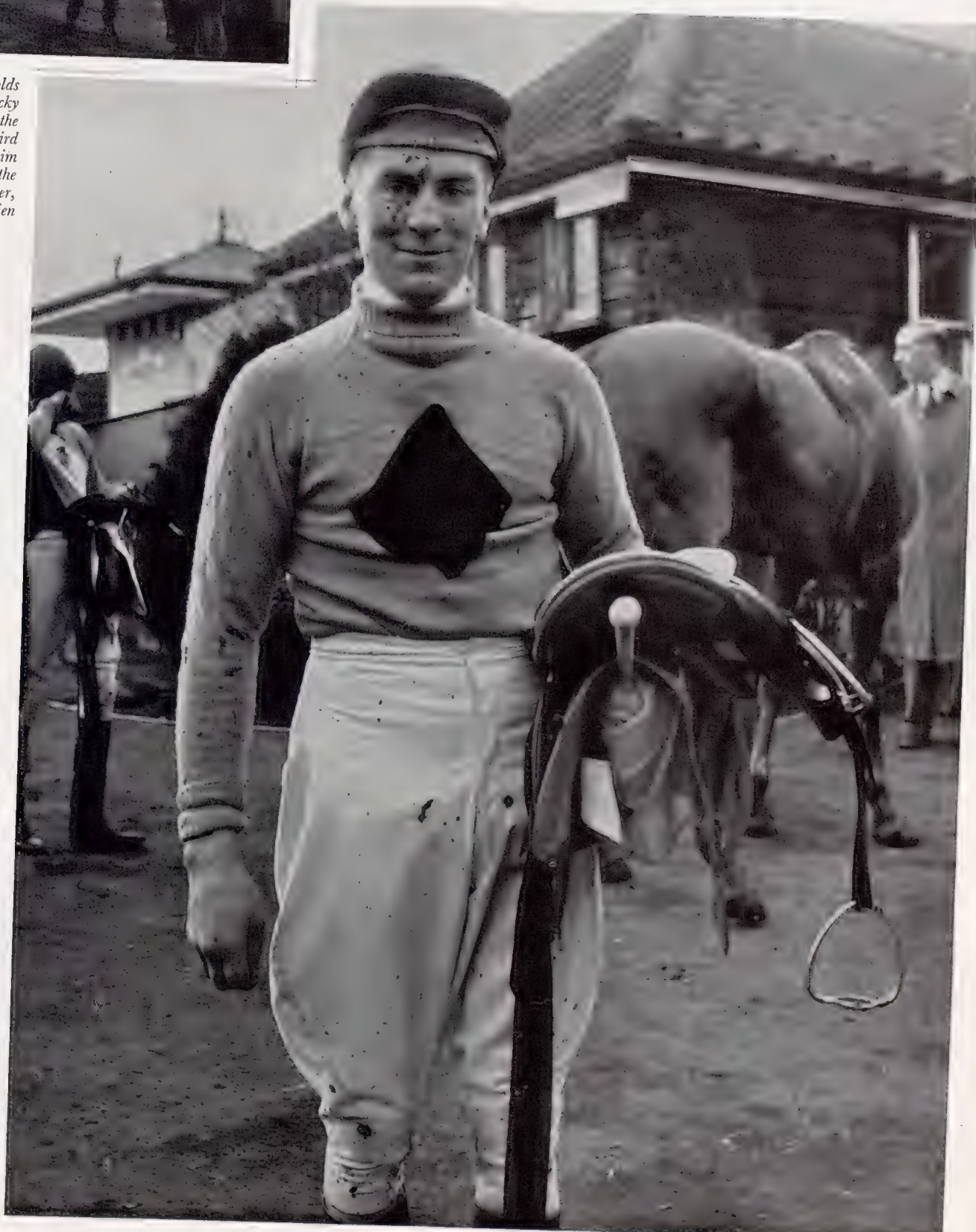


Mr. J. A. Wood holds his brown gelding Lucky Dome which won the Spa Hurdle on the third day. Smiling with him are his wife and the brilliant Irish trainer, Mr. Vincent O'Brien

A CHALLENGE STRUCK FIRE AT CLASSIC CHELTENHAM

HARD riding, fine jumping and a stimulating (and successful) challenge from the Irish stables made this year's Cheltenham meeting particularly exciting. The weather held fair, and racegoers from all parts of the kingdom were able to watch as good a series of 'chases' as they have seen these many years, the Gold Cup result providing an outstanding surprise. Jennifer describes the meeting on pp. 482-4

(Continued overleaf)



Mud-spattered but triumphant, Mr. P. Brookshaw brings away his saddle after winning the National Hunt Handicap 'Chase on Mr. S. H. Brookshaw's bay gelding, Holly Bank



A view of the member's enclosure from the stands while a race was in progress. On the right are the cups and trophies which were presented on the last day



Mr. A. Strange's Four Ten ridden by T. Cusack, and Lord Bicester's Mariner's Log with P. Taaffe up, jumped the last fence in the Gold Cup side by side. Third was Contessa di Sant Elia's Halloween

Continuing—

FINE FENCING FOR N. H. ENTHUSIASTS

HIGHLIGHT of this increasingly popular meeting was the well-merited victory of Mr. A. Strange's Four Ten in the Cheltenham Gold Cup, trained locally and almost within sight of the course by J. Roberts. He gained a four lengths win over Lord Bicester's seven-year-old Mariner's Log



Major and Mrs. R. L. Weaver were ticking off the runners on their race cards on Gold Cup day



The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Lloyd Verney with her father, Lord Bicester, whose Royal Approach won the last race of the meeting



The Earl of Lewes, a steward of the meeting, chatting to Miss Valda Rogerson in the members' enclosure



Mrs. Peter Heaton, Mrs. John Heyworth, Mr. John Heyworth and Mr. Peter Heaton who came for the day's racing from Cirencester



Two keen racegoers who enjoyed the sunshine at the meeting were Sir Christopher and Lady Codrington



Mrs. B. U. R. Curling, Sir Antony and Lady Bonham and Mrs. R. Mortimer looked for a few winners



Mrs. R. Fortescue, Mr. Guy Holland and Col. T. Readman were three more who saw some excellent racing



Major and Mrs. C. Carlos Clarke were over from Ireland. The Irish invasion proved to be a very strong one



On their way to the paddock to see runners parade were Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Whitaker



To be seen strolling through the large crowd on the final day were Capt. R. H. D. Bolton, Chief Constable of Northampton, and Lady Sutton

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

ACHAP re-telling the well-known story about Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, being caught one night in the 1840s at Windsor Castle in the act of trying to steal a kiss in the room of one of the Queen's ladies, whose screams proved effective—nobody dared tell the Queen about this for years—omitted the point.

The point being that for the one and only time in a long, rakish and voluble career, Gay Dog Palmerston was at a loss for a jaunty excuse.

It was sixty years later that a citizen in the same kind of jam thought of the perfect excuse. We came upon it last week in the record of the trial (1902) of Samuel Herbert Dougal for doing away with Miss Camille Holland in what was known as the Moat Farm murder. Citizen Dougal's explanation of trying to burst open a locked and bolted bedroom door after midnight would probably not occur to you sahibs if you guessed for a week. He said he wanted to wind the clock.

We asked a chap in the Temple why on earth Dougal's counsel didn't seize on this and develop it to a big emotional climax ("This innocent hard-working clock-lover, gentlemen, whose blameless and overpowering passion since infancy for winding up clocks of every description has unfortunately contributed to place him in a position which," etc., etc.). The legal boy hung his head. Such a professional blunder let the whole wiggly racket down, he admitted, and he's bang right.

Payoff

BEEKEEPERS, who, to be frank ("You cur!" said the girl with flaming cheeks) live by making bees work for them, seem disinclined to comment on the case of a South African beekeeper lately deceived (*vide Press*) by a hoax-letter announcing that he had inherited a million pounds; what in apiarist circles is called "money for old honey."

Down our way we still practise the agelong rural ritual of "telling the bees" about any big domestic trouble by tiptoeing down the orchard and whispering to the hives. A brief, low buzz of gratification is the normal response. At the news of any beekeeper bereaved—even in dreams—of a

million smackers, we regret to say that our tiny winged chums would undoubtedly roar their little heads off, and the queen-bee's next nuptial flight would be a riot. Spiralling up into the infinite blue, pursued by her doomed suitor, she'd have to stop and gasp at intervals—"A m-million s-smackers! Oh, Wilbraham, I shall simply *d-d-die!*"—and in due course the mangled remains of her mate would come hurtling down on a couple of hundred workers and drones rolling inextricably on the ground in tears of helpless mirth.

Footnote

BEES are not vindictive; it's simply that (a) they know they're exploited, and (b) every time they see a beekeeper they see about twenty clear little simultaneous images of him, which is intolerable. We recall this interesting optical fact from a *Strand Magazine* of our infancy showing a photograph of Queen Victoria as a bee would see her; a pretty disturbing spectacle. You perceive the connection between the multiple visual image and all those bees one sees staggering round in lime-blossom time, totally plastered, stinko-paralytico, and cocking defiant snooks at Ole Massa Legree.

Veg.

MIDDLETON! Thou shouldst be living at this hour!"—Daddy Wordsworth's cry from the toolshed must have evoked an echo from a million amateur gardening hearts when a peer suggested to a Sunday paper that a memorial gateway in Cavendish Street to the B.B.C.'s "model town garden" might fitly honour the memory of a radio-voice long stilled.

The ripe, earthy croak of C. H. Middleton discussing vegetable-marrows on Sunday afternoons between the wars was like the voice of the old Roman garden-god himself, and a nice rebuke, it seemed to us, to a couple of best-selling literary glamour-boys with curly hair who at the same period were curtsying to their gladioli at eventide and whispering dear intimate things to their daffodils in spring dawns. Thousands of spinster ladies all over England must have caught this unfortunate trick. You never found Slogger Middleton making an emotional pass at his runner beans. Real gardeners are not incapable of falling in love with their vegetables, but they don't exploit a passion far more reasonable, in our unfortunate view, than that expressed by the Horticultural School of English Verse. Nevertheless, we'd like to see a gardening poet coming out strong for reality for once. E.g.:

Your lovely face would seem to Plato
The True Idea of a Potato,
Unboiled, unmashed, unfried,
My vegetable bride . . .

The fact being that very few sweethearts look like roses, barring (when they cry) the rose on the spout of a watering-can. No offence.

Lobe

A TRIFLE of ear-biting in the Sicilian Parliament the other day was little or nothing for the Fleet Street boys to make a song about, it seemed to us. Maybe a few wish-thoughts were

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Mens sana in corpore sano."
Fancy a foreigner thinking of that!"

nestling amid the verbiage, like slugs in a three-star country hotel cauliflower? (Yes.)

One or two M.P.s with whom we've discussed Sicilian procedure are all for it, we find. Howling, bashing hats, and hitting each other with order-papers, as last happened in an Irish debate some years ago, does not (they agree) bring that feeling of content, achievement and repose which comes from a good chew at a large red ear. "More-over—" said one of them, and stopped. His rather codlike eye suddenly lit up. We knew what he was thinking of, and he knew we knew. He was seeing himself nibbling delicately at the shell-pink lobe of one of the laughing Parliamentary glamour-girls, like a silk-and-satin Watteau shepherd at a Versailles masquerade.

C'est Tircis, et c'est Aminte
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre. . .

Afterthought

THIS conversation ensued on his emerging from abstraction:

"No biting here, of course?"

"No, no. A horrible thought."

"Supposing a few of your colleagues were diving for the same rosy ear?"

"Heaven forbid! Dusty Whackstraw would go at it like a chop in the Members' Dining-room!"

"No judgment."

"No restraint. No taste."

He presumed that the Serjeant-at-Arms and the Party Whips would beat off Liberal and Labour elements, but we don't find anything about this in Erskine May's *Parliamentary Procedure*, even the latest edition with the amusing French drawings.

BRIGGS . . . by Graham



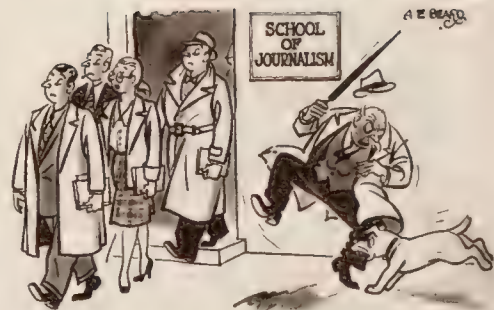


Mr. J. McWhirter was competing against Mr. G. Svennson, of Sweden. The Swedish team won by 11—7, and were awarded a fine trophy presented by Oppdal Tourist Hotel

CURLING COMES TO NORWAY. A new winter sport was recently introduced to Norway when a curling team from Scotland visited Oppdal, to give a demonstration and attend the inauguration of the first Curling Club ever to be established in the country. Afterwards the Scots played a match against a team from Sweden, where curling is already an established sport



Mr. W. G. Piper, from Scotland, Mr. R. Christensen, Mr. S. Johnsen, both of Oslo, and Mr. E. Schonheyder, of Oppdal. The village is situated in the Dovre Mountains, between Oslo and Trondheim



BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE teacher had been telling her class the story of Noah and the Ark.

"Now, children," she said, after the story had ended, "how do you suppose Noah passed away his time in the Ark?"

There was no reply. "Come, come," she went on, "I think he did a lot of fishing. Do you think that he did?"

"No, teacher," replied one of the bright ones, "I don't think he did."

"Why don't you think he did a lot of fishing, then?" smiled the teacher.

"Well," replied the boy, "he only had two worms."

CALLING on a friend she had not seen for a long time, a woman cried out:

"Why, Mary, what have you done to your hair? It looks like a wig!"

"It is a wig," replied Mary calmly.

The friend gulped, then rallied bravely. "Well, isn't it marvellous," she blurted at last, "I'd never have known it."

ON her son's seventeenth birthday, a mother told him that she realised that he would probably start smoking soon.

"I want you to promise me," she said, "that you will be open about it, and not go off for furtive smokes."

"Oh, don't you worry about that, Mum," he said cheerily. "I stopped smoking about a year ago."

A TOURIST in Switzerland was taken by a local guide on a mountain climb. At one point the guide somewhat disturbed his client by urging: "Be careful not to fall here because it is very dangerous. But if you do fall, remember to look to the right—the view is extraordinary and the best for miles around."

"Is your husband in, madam?" asked the caller.

"No, he's not," snapped the wife, "and I don't know where he is. I don't care, either, the idle, shiftless, worthless good-for-nothing."

"Ahem!" said the caller. "I have called to advise him he has just won £40,000 in a—"

"Ah, the darling, clever thing! I'll find him immediately!"

SPENDING his holiday working on a farm, a city boy was discovered one morning stuffing a small, squealing pig into a bucket and muttering: "It beats me!"

"What on earth are you trying to do?" demanded the farmer, "and what beats you?"

"I just can't understand it," said the city lad. "This pig has just drunk two buckets of milk, and I put him into the bucket and he doesn't even half fill it!"

At The Pictures

Three Weak,
One Wicked

Mother (Freda Jackson) argues with son-in-law (Richard Basehart) in *The Good Die Young*

REGRETTABLY I missed *The Weak and the Wicked*, an aptly titled film about prison inmates. It would have been a more honest title than *The Good Die Young* (Odeon, Leicester Square), for the quartet of gunmen. Not that the title is the only serious objection to the film. I can find only one thing in its favour, admittedly an important asset: the film, however deplorable, does hold interest, partly through Lewis Gilbert's adroit direction, partly because it spreads its stakes. With four stories in flashback, each is interrupted before hope and patience are exhausted.

Back and forth we shift between the dismal couples: from the boxer (Stanley Baker) who gives his hand to win money for a wife (Rene Ray) who squanders it on her criminal kid brother, to the G.I. (Richard Basehart) fighting a Medusa-like mother-in-law (Freda Jackson) for his bride (Joan Collins) and baby-to-be; from the airman (John Ireland) tormented by a film-struck slut of a wife (Gloria Grahame), to the old-world cad (Laurence Harvey) sponging on his rich wife (Margaret Leighton).

NONE of the situations is inherently incredible; but none is given the detailed development or psychological insight to create plausibility. So we see the matter of modern sociology or criminology pressed into the moulds of antique melodrama.

What we get are three self-pitying weaklings meeting to dilute their sorrows in beer, with one triple-dyed villain, broken reeds of wives and one monster of a mother-in-law. When the three let the fourth give each a gun, I could detect no other argument than one of sympathy with these unfortunates—led astray by the youngest and wickedest, and, for additional alibi, tempted by their women. The trouble with the title is the suspicion that the authors may for a moment have meant these three gutless, spineless weaklings to be thought good.

Only Robert Morley, superb in a short scene, survives the general decay.

A FRENCH modern fairy-tale, told in realistic style and with a bitter modern aftertaste, all the same makes a smoother mixture of *Les Amants de Minuit* (Studio One).

Charming Dany Robin is the mousey midinette who is shutting up shop one lonely Christmas Eve when in walks Jean Marais, with the night and thousands of francs to spare on playing combined Father Christmas and Prince Charming to her. But though the dual role tempts the stranger more than he knew, he is an international forger and cannot afford such dalliance.

Marais is better cast than usual when in modern dress. His slightly strange personality and gentle detachment contribute exactly the right degree of indefinable unease to sharpen the charm of an evening with so touching a Cinderella as Dany Robin.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, from *Strafan, Co. Kildare*, with Major Desmond Lambert, who hunts with the Wexford



An engaged couple there were Mr. Cyril P. Martin, from Clonsilla, and Miss Maribel Mahony, a Galway follower



Among the young marrieds were Mr. David Cairnes, a member of the Louth, and his wife, here enjoying a drink together



Going over some of the season's runs again were Mrs. Nicholson, sister of Lady Mount Charles, Mr. John A. Nicholson, chief of the Veterinary College of Ireland, and Capt. Christopher Nicholson, from Kells, Co. Meath, the breeder

SLANE CASTLE'S FIRST BALL

FOR HALF A CENTURY

BEAUTIFUL Slane Castle, on the Boyne, had its first ball for nearly fifty years when the Meath Hunt gave its annual gathering there. It was a most successful evening, and a feature of the supper was the delicious salmon caught by Lord and Lady Mount Charles, the host and hostess, in the near-by river

AT THE RACES

Protecting
The Mug

• Sabretache •

AFTER the recent disclosures in our courts, it cannot be necessary to explain what the expression "Mug's Money" means, for even the most erudite member of our judiciary must by now know exactly who and what a "Mug" is. The matter, however, would not appear to end here. The general rule of betting is that "you cannot lose, if you cannot win," that is to say in language which will be easily understood by Bench and Bar alike, that if anything is what they call *res judicata*, you cannot bet on it.

If, for instance, a horse is already past the post, his number has gone into the frame, his jockey has weighed in and no objection has been lodged within the limit of time allotted under the Rules of Racing, it is unlawful, if not something worse, for Hearty Harry of Halifax to induce Mr. Mug to accept a losing wager of 100-1, or even 6-4 about his chance in the event which has just been decided, and in which the animal was not even in sight of the winning post at the finish. The law will protect poor Mr. Mug and be down on the wicked man like a hundred of bricks.

THIS is quite as it should be, and perhaps, when Parliament has quite finished discussing the knotty point as to whether Germany should be allowed to have even a pea-shooter, some industrious M.P. will bring in a private Bill to protect Mr. Mug and prevent him from wagering his hard-earned cash in a manner in which only a dyed-in-the-wool Mug would. For instance, this Act might stop him accepting a price about an animal upon which there has not been betted even eight half-crowns, and whose price ought to be something like 100-8 instead of, say, 4-1, or even shorter odds. Admittedly it will demand a brain of the highest quality to put such a Bill upon paper, but surely with such a plethora of legal talent about, it ought not to be beyond the capacity of some of it to knock something into shape to stop poor Mr. Mug from making a bigger ass of himself than he is already.

AT Cheltenham, the Gold Cup is considered, quite rightly, the star turn, but this year we witnessed two other star turns, one by a good horse and the other by a very good jockey. "The betting in running" over the last flight in the Champion Hurdle was not 9 to 4 on Sir Ken, but nearer even money each of two. A grand horse won it, and Tim Molony did the rest by giving us a lesson in how to sit still.

As for the Gold Cup, everybody knew that we were going to see a battle. Would Galloway Braes have won? You can never tell in a 'chase, but after the way he had cut out the work most of the way and the way he was going when it happened, he certainly was not beaten. One thing is certain—Mont Tremblant would not have won in any case.



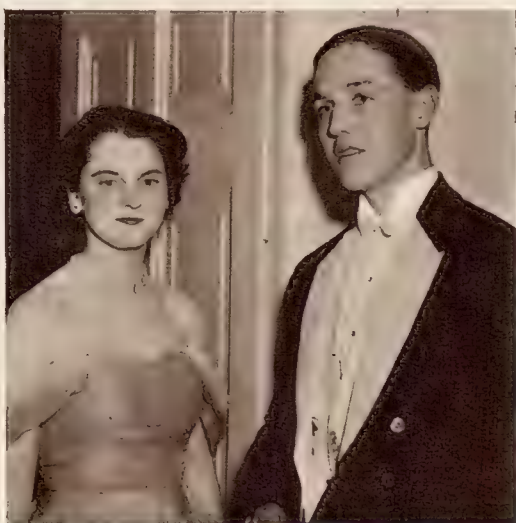
The Hon. Mrs. William Macauley, youngest daughter of Viscount Camrose, was here talking to Capt. Denis Eccles



Mr. Dermot McGillicuddy with his sister-in-law, Viscountess Jocelyn, who had come down from Northern Ireland



Brig. Bryan Fowler, the Irish polo player, with Mrs. Patrick Herdman, wife of the Master of the Strabane Harriers



Miss Sara Walford, another young Meath follower, with Lord Patrick Beresford, brother of the Marquess of Waterford



Fennell

Wearing a charming nineteenth-century-style dress, Mrs. Laidlaw and her husband, Capt. Thomas Laidlaw (left), of the Kildares, were engaged in conversation with the Hon. Peter Hemphill, son and heir of Lord Hemphill

Flying

Oliver Stewart

Boscombe Down's Flying Saucer

A FLYING saucer, with peripheral pulse jets running, stood outside the mess at Boscombe Down as guests arrived for the annual aircraft contractors' dinner. And after being received by the commanding officer, Air Commodore A. H. Wheeler, guests were able to jump back to the other extreme of aviation history and to climb into a balloon basket so arranged as to give an admirable illusion of floating over the countryside. In the flying saucer the noise of the engines and the intermittent red glow of the pulse jets had been particularly well contrived—and, after all, Boscombe Down ought to know that saucers, or something like them, are not far away.

As for the dinner itself, it was up to the high standards set by this station. The food and the way in which it was cooked and served deserve special praise because—as I was assured by one of the officers—no outside caterers are used and the whole thing (there were 150 covers) is done by the unit's own staff. Although Air Commodore Wheeler's speech was the best I have heard him deliver, the other speeches were not so entertaining as usual. The masterly touch of Sir Frederick Handley Page and of George Edwards was lacking. Both were there; but they were not called upon to speak.

WE did have a good exposition of the merits of light weight and simplification from Mr. W. E. W. Petter, who designed the Canberra and has now designed the Folland Gnat light fighter. Mr. A. R. W. Low, of the Ministry of Supply, kept too closely to the politician's manner and once or twice came perilously near to exciting ironical comment. The clichés of the public speaker do not go down well in a gathering of test pilots and technical men. But Mr. Low

did produce the excellent conceit that, in view of Petter's activities with the Gnat, there was a case for replacing N.A.T.O. as a defence body by a new body to be called "GNATO"! Sir Roy Dobson was as forthright as only he can be, and received the loudest and longest applause of the evening.

Afterwards there were many pleasant meetings and discussions. It came as a shock to me when a young officer asked if I had ever attended one of the dinners before, because I was a test pilot in charge of the single-engine squadron at Martlesham Heath when the dinner was originally instituted. It was a sharp reminder of the passage of the years. I must add a word of appreciation of the wonderful hospitality of Air Commodore Wheeler and his officers. They go out of their way to ensure that every guest enjoys himself.

DETAILS of the Boeing turbojet transport aircraft were released a fortnight ago.

This is the aircraft with which the Americans hope to challenge the supremacy of the de Havilland Comet. I have inspected the drawings and photographs and I have studied the specification, and my belief is that the Americans will have to do much better than this if they hope to take away our lead in this kind of machine.

The Boeing Company is one of the best in the world, and the new aircraft will be well engineered and beautifully built. It will certainly do something approaching its design speed of 880 kilometres an hour (550 miles an hour), which is some 80 kilometres an hour faster than the design speed of the Comet III. It will also be larger and heavier, at a total weight of about 86 metric tons (say 87 British Imperial tons) against the design figure for the Comet III, of 64 metric tons. But it shows no remarkable advance in basic configuration.

It has moderately swept-back wings with



LADY THOMAS, wife of Sir Miles Thomas, B.O.A.C. chairman, launching the fuel tanker *Haustellium*, at Hebburn-on-Tyne. With her are Sir Miles (left), Sir Philip Johnson, a director of Hawthorn, Leslie, the shipbuilders, and Mrs. F. A. C. Guepin, wife of a Shell managing director

podded engines. And it is in the podding of the engines that it shows the most marked difference from British machines. The Americans have long been arguing the case in favour of mounting the turbojet engines of transport aircraft in pods, slung underneath the wing, instead of inside the wing itself in the manner of the Comet, Valiant, Victor and Vulcan. There are good arguments both for podded engines and for buried engines. I do not believe that the change of engine mounting method will give either machine a noticeable advantage over the other. All the same it is good to see a genuine challenger to British pre-eminence in jet transports. Competition will be salutary. The Boeing should make its first flight this summer.

It is not only the Americans who think that American aircraft are, or soon will be, better and more desirable than British. At the Aerodrome Owners' Association meeting the other day, Alderman Charles M. Newton, the chairman, staggered all present by suggesting that dollars should be made available for the purchase of American light aircraft in order to set private and club flying in this country on its feet again. Newton's argument was sound. We have few new aircraft of this kind now in production, while the Americans have many.

Then Mr. Peter Masefield hinted that British European Airways might go to America for helicopters. And finally, just to complete the gloom and despondency, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Walmsley, in an excellent speech, told everybody that we were no longer an air-minded nation and that it was the fault of parents and schoolmasters. Masefield also took the opportunity to put in a word in favour of Gatwick as an alternative to London Airport. Obviously he is not familiar with the congestion on the Brighton road, and on the railway.



The R.E. (Chatham) Draghounds Held a Very Popular Point-to-Point Meeting at Hollingbourne, Kent

One of the competitors, Mr. J. Langlands, had been discussing his prospects with the Secretary, Capt. M. B. Gibson, R.E.

Mrs. A. S. Gaselee and Mrs. Paley Johnson with Capt. S. Wright and Mr. A. S. Gaselee, West Kent M.F.H., at the Manor Farm course

Father and son, Mr. A. J. and Mr. J. H. Day, between them owned and rode Philborough, winner of the Adjacent Hunts' race



MASTERS OF SPORT photographed by **ERIC COOP**

JOE DAVIS, able chairman of the Professional Billiards Players' Association, is one of the few exponents of any game in our time who merits the description of prodigy. Born at Chesterfield, Derbyshire, in April 1901, he has been four times World Billiards Champion, held the U.K. Championship for fourteen years, and the World Snooker Championship undefeated for twenty years. He holds the official world records for both championship billiards break (1,784) and professional snooker break (146). In 1950 he won the Masters' Tournament. An event arranged for this month, to which all snooker enthusiasts have looked forward with intense interest, is a £500 Foursome Challenge Match at the Leicester Square Hall, in which he partners Walter Donaldson v. Fred Davis and John Pulman



EVELYN ANTHONY is the author of *Curse Not the King* (Museum Press; 10s. 6d.), in which she continues the romantic chronicle of the Russian Court so brilliantly begun in *Imperial Highness*. This time she analyses the relations between Catherine the Great and her son Paul. Miss Anthony is in private life Miss Eve Stephens, great-granddaughter of the inventor of the famous ink

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

Miss Mitford Studies The Pompadour

NANCY MITFORD'S MADAME DE POMPADOUR (Hamish Hamilton; 15s.) is a delightful piece of work—and something better; a shrewd study of a woman, a circle and a time. We are given a picture of a society which, later, it became orthodox to denounce, a society entirely and successfully devoted to the pursuit of pleasure. Such was the Versailles Court of Louis XV., in the years when Madame de Pompadour reigned over his heart. Was it possible to enjoy oneself *all* the time? Yes, Miss Mitford shows us, practically it was—intrigues, escapades and scandals were the breath of life to the Versailles courtiers; defeats in love or battle, and even deaths, were causes of innocent merriment.

One's own chagrins were to one's friends sources of an immeasurable delight, which it would have been unmannerly to begrudge them. This was a world in which everyone knew everything about everybody; and what was known, most happily, was recorded—the Court was rich in memoir, journal and letter writers. Miss Mitford has steeped herself in the congenial atmosphere, which she renders no less congenial to us.

AND why not? The air of our own day is indeed the better for any laughter. The nineteenth century disapproved: we envy that world's unshadowed capacity to be gay. Carefree, existence could *not* be called: everything was ruled by a rigid and semi-mystical etiquette, and to put a foot wrong entailed what was death-in-life, banishment to one's estates in the provinces.

The French nobility failed to a marked

degree to share the English pleasure in country life: nothing could have been worse than one's *triste* shadow surrounded by mute peasants and silent parkland. Even hunting was nothing, away from the Royal forests of the Île de France, and out of the company of the King. Versailles ("ce pays-ci") was the only reality: cast out and away from that one evaporated.

This seduction of the noblesse had, as history shows and Miss Mitford emphasises, a definite Royal policy behind it—held within the enchanted Court, France's greatest families were as shorn of power as they were rich in privilege. Their course was set for catastrophe, and some knew it. But why think? Many plotted (socially) but there were few who fretted. Life, lived from day to day, continued to be as absorbing as a game of chess, as brilliant as an unceasing party at which, so far, not a light went out. These were the middle years of the eighteenth century.

BY something akin to genius, the young woman who had been born Jeanne Poisson entered this sealed-off world. The role of King's mistress was an exacting one; none of the ladies who had preceded her in the affections of Louis XV. had been of anything but aristocratic birth, and His Majesty's installation at Versailles of this Paris *bourgeoise* was in itself a bold departure from precedent. Criticism, malice and raillery were ready, and waited at every turn. The Poisson family were not only middle-class; they were, by middle-class standards, not too respectable, owing to the deviations of Madame Poisson who, none the less, had brought up her children extremely wisely.

The little girl who became Madame de Pompadour had early been told by a fortune-teller

that she would engage a king's love, and so openly did she set store by this that she came to be teasingly called "Reinette." Her mother's protector, a man of standing, arranged a marriage for Reinette with his nephew, and she was already a young mother when her path (not without some assistance from herself) crossed the King's. Once it became clear that their love-affair was to develop into a declared relationship, young Madame d'Etoiles (as she then was) withdrew for a summer to her country home to undergo an intensive course of instruction in Court etiquette (an interlude described with an enchanting and becoming solemnity by Miss Mitford). The King, who had been away at the wars, returned, and the newly-created Marquise de Pompadour officially took up residence at Versailles.

ALTHOUGH not a beauty, she was of enchanting prettiness. Her taste in dress was—as her taste as to buildings, gardens, *objets d'art* and interior decoration was later to show itself to be—something better than faultless; inspired. With this went a good brain, a high spirit, courage, generosity and a warm heart. Madame de Pompadour's tastes were intellectual, as her pre-Versailles friendships indeed showed; Voltaire and the "*philosophes*," or *Encyclopédistes*, had frequented her little Paris house, and her friendship with Buffon, great and amiable naturalist, was, like that with the difficult, cruel Voltaire, to be maintained throughout her days of glory.

The King liked painters and architects, but not writers: there were too many of them and they talked too much. He himself was a shy, proud and somewhat moody man: boredom rendered him bilious, his turning yellow was a danger signal one learned to recognise. Ardent (indeed somewhat overpoweringly so) in temperament, he was at the same time capable of a deep affection. The Queen, after some ten or more years of what she found to be an excessively marital existence, had ceased work, retiring into her own corner of Versailles where, surrounded by her own blameless but stuffy circle, she devoted herself to religion and out-of-date gambling games—at which she succeeded in losing packets.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR's guileless efforts to please the Queen are not the least of the evidence of her niceness of character—for it was not in the least necessary for her to do so. She was also devoted to and, still better, proud of her own family—who, to their credit, showed no wish to profit by her elevation. Her love for and close relationship with her brother was one of the lasting features of her not long life—she died, alas, when she was just over forty. But the central and noble subject of this book is her understanding devotion to the King—the close, true, deep tie between the man and the woman has been worthily pictured by Miss Mitford.

Glowing, delicious ally in every pleasure, she was no less the unflinching comforter in dark days—knowing when to rally him out of a mood, knowing when to plumb to the source of trouble. Her judgment, patience and sympathy never failed him; so that, when passion gave place to friendship, he perhaps loved her even more than before. What could, in the ugly sense, have been called her hold upon him was, in fact, the attachment of two natures.

Their days out hunting, the parties they gave so brilliantly, the houses they built and were happy in, their *voyages* (accompanied by the Court) from one to another of the Royal chateaux and her little theatre (she was a superb actress), fill pages of this book. But also Miss Mitford has given the story of Madame de Pompadour a thought-out and solid historic framework—she shows the serious part that this woman played, and her considerable influence on the affairs of France (she was, indeed, blamed for the Seven Years War). Madame de Pompadour *had* her blind spots, which, once or twice, took effect disastrously. In the main, enchanted by her, as many were, one loves her for her humanity and weeps for her death. . . . This book, which the Book Society makes its Choice, should not fail to delight the reader—whom it should leave, moreover, with much to think about.

BLACK ARGOSY, by Mercedes Mackay (Putnam; 12s. 6d.), is a first novel with an important theme—the fate and fortunes of coloured young men who, as students or otherwise, come to London. How do they prosper, how does everything strike them, what will the after effects be when they return home? Are high hopes, perhaps, being disappointed; does a sad bewilderment or frustration set in; is a search for friendliness being rebuffed? Mrs. Mackay tells the story of two Nigerian boys, Edun and Ben, for whom arrival on our shores stands for the realisation of a long daydream. Both, unaware of each other, sail on the same ship, Edun as a lighthearted stowaway (whose horrible experience in the hold is to leave a mark on him), Ben as a serious student, seen off ceremonially by his family.

POOR Edun's dreams are largely cinema-fed. He envisages quick big money, a West End flat and a sumptuous blonde companion: at home there was not, nor is he to find in London, anybody able to teach him better or to put more stable notions into his head. East End priests make a magnificent try, but fail; a social worker and a harried young man in the Colonial Office do no better—Edun, gaudy, neurotic, naïve and deeply pathetic, drifts through the London underworld, and his fate is tragic. The steady and sober Ben, studying law to qualify as a barrister, is confronted by no worse (though these are bad enough) than poverty, loneliness and homesickness: his stand against these, his enjoyment of such friendships and comforts as can be found, and his ultimate loyalty to poor Edun are admirable.

As summarised, *Black Argosy* might sound sad reading: actually Mrs. Mackay's powers as a storyteller, her humour, liveliness and power of interesting us in the slightest detail of these youths' adventures make this a deeply absorbing book. Edun and Ben are a couple we know and like—not, as they might be, mere case histories—unfortunately, bad boys are often more attractive than good ones: we are drawn to Edun more than we are to Ben. The account of the life in the bombed house is sympathetic; so are accounts of London as seen through youthful, alien and eager eyes.

★ ★ ★

WILLIAM SAROYAN is one of America's most-talked-of literary artists—his versatility, his light-fingered genius for words and the touch of weirdness in his emotion combine to give him a place apart. There now comes to us (published by Faber; at 12s. 6d.) his latest novel *THE LAUGHING MATTER*. Seldom has tragic story faced the world with a more ironical name. Here, too, we have a miscarried holiday, but with, alas! no happy ending ahead.

The man Evan, his wife Swan and their two children come out, for a summer, to take possession of a small house, far out in the wine-growing Californian country—the lonely charm of the scene speaks to them all in different ways. But outdoors, in the warm dusk of their first evening, a disclosure is forced to the wife's lips—she is pregnant, and the child is not her husband's.

By the existing children, Eva and Red, their parents' muffled agony is felt. What is the matter? Outwardly, the fiction that all is well continues: there are trips to the village, river picnics, visits to neighbours—till all grows too much; the father finally cracks. And from then on, violence takes over: the end is as charged with deaths as an Elizabethan tragedy.

Outlined, *The Laughing Matter* sounds stark enough: the starkness however is redeemed by a brooding tenderness, pity and even humour—in which, in a curious way we feel that the grown-up characters are bewildered children: Eva and Red, compared to their parents, seem to be stronger, wiser ones. Much is portrayed through dialogue—in which, at its most naturalistic, Mr. Saroyan excels.



The artist, Mr. Theyre Lee-Elliott, was escorting ice-skating star Belita round the gallery. Nearly seventy pictures were on view

PAINTINGS OF THE BALLET and other subjects were recently exhibited by Mr. Theyre Lee-Elliott at the Chenil Galleries, Chelsea. Many friends were present at the private view, and after inspecting the paintings, drank a toast to the exhibition's success



Miss Moyra Fraser, star of "Airs on a Shoestring," came with Miss Pamela May, of the Sadler's Wells Ballet



Sir John Rhodes, Bt., was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Ann Rhodes, as they made a detailed tour



Other guests at the party which followed the opening were Gen. F. J. L. Loftus-Tottenham and Mr. and Mrs. E. Springfield



Mrs. and Mr. M. A. Hassid turned to look at the painting about which Mr. Michael Cobham, son of Sir Alan Cobham, was speaking





A really good plain handbag. Debenham & Freebody's long calf-hide envelope priced at 4½ gns.



To wear with your black pullover, a peach-bloom felt beret—neat, plain and comfortably priced at 42s. 6d.

MARIEL DEANS makes her—

FASHION CHOICE OF THE WEEK

THIS week's choice is a short, custard-coloured wool jacket by Bickler. We chose it chiefly for the sake of its stand-away-from-the-neck collar which makes it look like the most expensive kind of French model, a look emphasized by its rolled seams and wide, rounded shoulders. This coat, which costs approximately 9 gns., comes from the 'Twenty's Budget shop at Debenham and Freebody, from which firm we also chose the accessories we have photographed with it. The hat shown in the big picture on the left is a tiny saucer of apricot felt



Alternative idea. Wear a high-necked black sweater beneath your pale wool jacket. This thick, hand-knitted ribbed pullover in black wool costs £5 19s. 6d.



PINAFORE-DRESS

Gor-ray's pretty rayon-linen pinafore is trimmed with white saddle stitching. It makes the most useful of house dresses as you can wear beneath it a thick sweater or a short-sleeved blouse, depending on what sort of a day it is. Very well cut, it can be had in a number of different materials and some extremely good colours. All inquiries to Gor-ray Ltd., 107 New Bond St.

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

COMFORTINGLY hibernating in winter darkness I have let months pass with no check on age of complexion or garments. Sunlight in the mirror searches out the weak point in both with the impartiality of a police dossier. Having suffered all my life from naturally curly hair I have never achieved a re-styling because there is nothing to re-style.

Curly hair, I think yet again, can be a curse. Even its financial savings are disguised—the money you don't spend on permanent wave and shampoos is as invisible an asset as the money non-smokers don't spend on cigarettes. I have never been able to get my hands on either. What I need now, I decide, is rehabilitation, reconstruction, drastic slum clearance in the wardrobe, and—most important of all—new hair-do. One must never rest on the laurels of one's heyday. Just because somebody once said that one looked *gamine* at the age of twenty is no reason for not looking tidier later on—a lot later on.

HAVING miraculously got myself fitted in to the crowded ritual of an expensive sheltered temple of beauty, I sit tense before an unbecomingly well-lighted mirror until an exquisite young man with impersonal detached grey eyes swims into view behind me. Without much greeting he seizes handfuls of my hair, hurling them this way and that on my forehead, the impersonal eyes occasionally assuming an expression of remote distaste as he watches the effect in the mirror.

I endeavour to look as if it was not my hair at all until he suddenly informs me that I have



been cutting it myself with nail-scissors, haven't I? "Cutting-out scissors," I retort with dignity. "Oh, well," he says, "it can't do very much harm with *your* hair."

WHILE I puzzle out whether this is a compliment or an insult he drags my hair back until I look like a drowned rat—sweeps it forward until I look like a Yorkshire terrier—and then remarks that, far from concealing that depressing white streak at the front, he will make it the highlight of my appearance. "At last," he says, "I have found a suitable departure point for the hair!"

For a moment I think he is being over-dramatic, but then decide that he only means a parting. In no time at all, the hair is shaped

according to new theory, and I am relinquished to the hands of an acolyte and shampooed.

Follows a soothing time while I am encased in a steaming box and emerge gasping at length to gaze with revulsion on the section of skin exhibited to me in the mirror. Agreeing with the operator that it looks like nothing so much as a drop of pond water under the microscope, I relax hopefully while my face is pushed this way and that, slapped, prodded, taken up in handfuls and dropped again.

I ENDURE bravely while layers of mud try to persuade my easy-going pores that life is real and earnest, and at last, glowing but exhausted, sit immobile while an expert paints bits of my face I had never imagined needed it and leaves others unadorned that I always camouflage. Even the impersonal young man carefully shifting hair into the right places, remarks on the tonic effect of the treatment, and I realize that even if my features have not actually been replaced, they are at least enovated.

Triumph lasts as long as my home railway tation. Happily conscious of my still-glowing ace, I picture myself porcelain-cheeked and bright-eyed as a magazine cover greeting my admiring family. At intervals I catch sight of myself in shop-windows. The



ace is recognizable, but doesn't seem to be cally me—but a stranger of a type I have always wanted to look like. Why on earth, I ask myself, don't I have beauty treatments more often? Why didn't my hair depart from that new point before? Why didn't realize how distinguished that white streak was? What a tonic! What a lift to the morale!

OUTSIDE the station I run into three acquaintances. The first asks me if I've been shopping or am I just worn out? The second says I've parted my hair on the other side, haven't I?—she's always doing that but it doesn't really make any difference. The third merely shouts gaily that she'll be seeing me on Friday at the Pickaxes', won't she?

I arrive home only a trifle damped to find the children already back from school and upbraiding me for not being there to greet them. They say that they thought when you were grown up you were old enough to wash your own hair. They gaze fixedly at the white streak and ask me what colour my hair was when I was young. L., being a maternal-minded female, tells me that I look very pink in the face and do I think I've got a temperature?

REMINDING myself that they are unappreciative savages on whom civilization has not had time to spread its blessings, I see them into bed and settle down to await the return of my spouse and helpmeet. In my most elegant evenings-at-home garments I serve dinner and partake of the gossip of the day. Finally, unable to bear the suspense any longer, I announce, "Guess what? I spent the afternoon in a beauty-parlour. How do you like my hair?"

He surveys my head and face carefully and in detail, with appropriate solemnity. "Well, I must say," he pronounces at last, "you certainly do look frightfully clean!"

—Diana Gillon



BLACK AND WHITE ELEGANCE

A little coat from Bradleys, Welbeck St., made of white Chinese lamb with huge cuffs of black fox, that is both smart and adaptable. This close-fitting jacket would look just as well worn with a small hat and a narrow black afternoon frock as it does with the slim, full-length evening dress shown in our photograph



This high-necked, single-breasted suit, made of navy blue barathea by Miss Peach, is shown with a white piqué scarf slotted through the neck. There is an alternative scarf, made of soft blue silk matching the suit, for wearing when you don't want a contrast. D. H. Evans are the stockists

Two New Girls

THE TATLER welcomes here two woman designers who have recently shown their first collections in London. Both run their own wholesale houses. Miss Peach specializes in suits and Elizabeth James in coats, suits and dresses, which are tailored at her workrooms in Dublin and imported into this country. Hats by Otto Lucas



Elizabeth James's brown and off-white diagonal tweed suit is cut with a rounded and dropped shoulder line and wide, shallow breast-pockets. The skirt is straight and very narrow. With it goes a vivid lime-green poplin blouse and neckerchief. It is stocked by Harrods of Knightsbridge



With the cushiony parts of the fingers, begin on either side of the chin, and smooth firmly up to the cheekbones, then out towards the ears



Hold the chin firmly between the first and second fingers, with the palms held downwards, and slide briskly out along the jawline and up to the ears



Start on each side of the mouth, and using the two middle fingers of each hand, massage up to the nose with a rotary movement



A Lesson in Massage

INCONSISTENCY is a strange thing. Yesterday, visiting a friend and sitting by her fire while she went to fetch some sherry to warm our mutual cockles, I heard a shriek. Rushing out to inquire into the damage—and hoping she had not ropped the sherry—I heard her admonishing her daughter who was ironing a dance frock.

"My dear, good Anne," she said, "for heaven's sake stop ironing like that. Don't you know you are doing it the wrong way of the material? You'll stretch it hopelessly and never get it into shape again. Here, give it to me, and I'll show you how it *should* be done."

Peace restored, daughter suitably instructed, we drank our sherry, after which we repaired to the bedroom to continue our chat, while my friend got ready for a party. Sitting at her dressing-table, she got out her creams and brushes and started to "do" her face. "Undo" would be the more correct word. What her

daughter had done to her dress was as nothing to the havoc her mother was cheerfully creating with her skin.

Catching sight of me in the mirror, she stopped and said "Whatever is the matter?" I told her, "You're a nice one to make such a fuss about *ironing*. At least Anne can get a new frock far more easily than you can get a new face."

THE question arises, "does the way you put cream on really matter?" I think it does. There are, of course, the people who say that they haven't the time to "fuss" with this business of massage. My answer to them is that it takes no longer to do it correctly than incorrectly, and—in the words of our grandmothers—if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well.

If all your face needs is a little nourishment, then to smooth the skin food on with upward movements is sufficient. But if something in the way of wrinkles, or slack muscles, need correcting, then it is imperative to go to work

in the right way, otherwise instead of banishing the trouble, you may make it worse.

SEVERAL of the well-known salons give what they call "instructional treatments," in which one can learn exactly how massage *should* be done. Yardley is one that makes a feature of this, and to refresh my own memory I went along to watch a lesson in progress. When it was finished, Mrs. Cato, Chief Beauty Executive for Yardley's, co-operative as always, offered to have the various movements specially photographed for The TATLER, so that those who were interested could see exactly what direction to follow when massaging different parts of the face.

The pictures speak for themselves and should be worth keeping as a guide. Anyone who takes the trouble to iron *material* in the right direction might well apply the same principle to the *face*.

—Jean Cleland



Between the eyebrows, massage up and out towards the temples, with a regular rhythmic movement, using each hand in turn



Start on the bridge of the nose, between the eyebrows, and work out to the temples above, then round and in beneath the nose



Smooth backwards under the chin, using one hand after the other, then downwards over the throat to the collarbones

Anthony Buckley



Everyone likes a "good mixer." You are unlikely to find one more beautiful in design, or more effective for pouring the drinks, than this Martini Vessel from Asprey, price £4 10s.



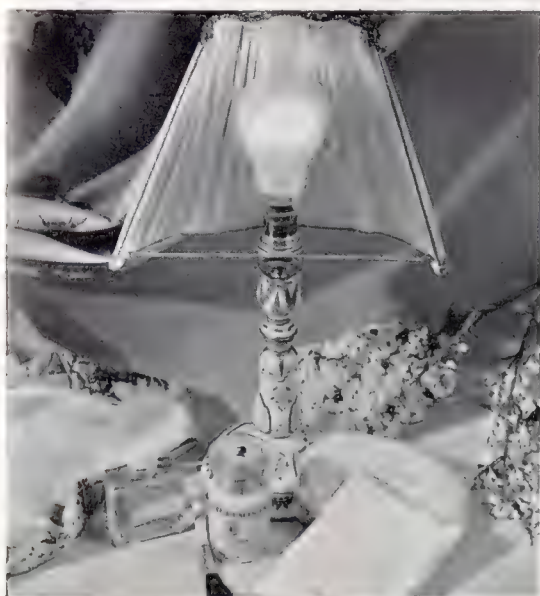
This group makes a symphony in colour, in matching flowered chintz. Soiled linen bin with padded lid £4 4s., waste paper tub £1 19s. 6d., cushion of good quality feathered down £4 14s. 6d. Skirt chintz lampshade, £3 9s. 6d



Highly decorative towels and bath mat, to make an under-sea story for the bathroom. The towels (available at the beginning of May) are in three sizes at 17s. 6d., £1 3s. 6d., £2 5s. 9d. (Harrods). The cork mat is from Warings at 19s. 11d.

Shopping

THIS week, Jean Cleland concentrates on elegance and originality. These are what we look for when we go in search of things with which to give a note of distinction to the home. The pictures shown here are representative of what is new and beautiful from the leading stores. So up-to-the-minute are these accessories to beautify your house or flat, that several of them are making their first bow to the public during these early spring months



Scented brushing lacquer, £3 0s. 6d.; burning perfume £1 1s. 6d. (for use with electric lamp). Scented bath mitts, 12s. 6d. (Mary Chess). China lamp £8 8s., shade £5 (Harrods)



"Crinoline Lady" television lamp, with illuminated skirt, gives enough light to let you move about freely, but not enough to interfere with viewing. It costs £2 12s. 6d., at Selfridges

Dennis Smith

**A suit to express your
welcome to Spring** with its gay
satin cravat and jacket lining to match!
Cut on the latest cardigan line in light or
dark grey flannel to make the best contrast
for the satin's Paradise colours.

Price about **£10**



Write for your nearest stockist to:
Windsmoor (London) Ltd., (Dept. T),
20 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W 1.



Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Susan Margaret Annesley, daughter of Brig. Viscount and Viscountess Valentia, of Barton Grange, Nailsworth, is engaged to Mr. Peter Lindsay Milln, only son of the late Mr. Alexander Lindsay Milln, and of Mrs. Milln, of Thatched Cottage, Bibury



Baron

Miss Jean-Anne Pizze, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Pizze, of West Wickham, Kent, has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert MacIntyre, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. MacIntyre, of Manor Fields, Putney Heath, S.W.15

The TATLER'S Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Lenore

Miss Venetia Daphne Weeks, younger daughter of Lt.-General Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks, of Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1, is to marry Lt. Peter Troubridge, R.N., eldest son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, and of Lady Troubridge, of Oakshott, Liss, Hants



Frances

Miss Camilla Grinling, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Grinling, of Wadhurst, Sussex, and Bourne Street, S.W.1, is engaged to Mr. Jeremy Fry, of Durham House, S.W.3, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Fry, of Frenchay



Miss Anne Loys Roche Brass, only daughter of Cdr. J. E. P. Brass, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. J. E. P. Brass, of Haroldston House, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, has announced her engagement to Lord HolmPatrick, of Corners-town, Shankill, Co. Dublin



Harlip

Miss Catherine Barford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Barford, of Caythorpe, Grantham, Lincs, has announced her engagement to Lt.-Col. John Monsell Christian, M.C., son of the late Admiral A. H. Christian and the late Mrs. Christian



BY APPOINTMENT
SHOEMAKERS

It's unanimous! the 'toes' have it

BUT THE HEELS ARE NOT BEHIND

*Simplicity with sparkle is
evasive, but when you've
got it you've hit the Jackpot.*

*See the Toes, nail heads in
circle, and on the slant;
and see the stitching.*



Rayne

deréta



CORDELIA

Our 'cropped' jacket, knuckle length, in gleaming 'ZIBETTE'—new 'satiny' ripple surfaced cloth. Love its simple, wearable elegance—dress it up or down, according to the time and place. In colours; white, citrus lime, citrus yellow, peacock, silver-grey, cognac, emerald, flame-red, cloud-pink.

7½ GNS

ENQUIRIES TO *deréta* (LONDON) LTD., DEPT. 1M, PUBLICITY KENT HOUSE, MARKET PLACE, LONDON, W.1 (WHOLESALE ONLY)



HOTCHKIN—BLOOMER

At St. James's, Grimsby, Lincs, Mr. Neil S. Hotchkin, son of the late Col. S. V. Hotchkin, and of Mrs. Hotchkin, of Woodhall Spa, Lincs, married Miss Sallie A. Bloomer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bloomer, of Great Coates, near Grimsby



DUNCAN— DE FONBLANQUE

Capt. Hugh Wingfield Duncan, R.A., son of Brig. and Mrs. W. E. Duncan, was married at the Brompton Oratory to Miss Margaret Mary de Fonblanque, daughter of the late Major-Gen. P. de Fonblanque, and of Mrs. de Fonblanque

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



WARDILL—ROWELL

Mr. D. Wardill, only son of the late Mr. W. G. Wardill, and of Mrs. G. Wardill, of Bexhill, Sussex, and Miss J. E. Rowell, only daughter of Sir Andrew and Lady Rowell, of Beaconsfield, Bucks, married at the church of St. Mary and All Saints, Beaconsfield



ARCHARD—FRANCIS

Mr. D. Q. Archard, son of Lt.-Col. C. Q. Archard, of Borrowdale, S. Rhodesia, and of the late Mrs. Archard, married in Salisbury, S.R., Miss G. W. D. Francis, daughter of Mrs. D. L. Francis, of Worthing, and of the late Mr. B. J. Francis



BLAND—BLACKETT

Major Simon Bland, Scots Guards, son of Sir Neville and Lady Bland, of Ebury Street, London, S.W.1, and Miss Olivia Blackett, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. C. W. S. Blackett, of Arbigland, Dumfries, were married recently at St. John's Wood Church

Lenart

the name

of authority

in furs

Bradleys

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1



Peter Clark

Natural grey Persian lamb jacket, designed and made by

Bradleys
FURGLIMMEROW PLACU LTD



Ipswich XV, 1954. Back row: D. R. Jones, R. M. Ewing, G. E. Rainbird. Middle row: J. A. E. Motum (referee), W. G. Emuss (team sec.), R. A. Leeming, B. H. Jarman, P. Strover, N. E. Panther, R. Cadman, J. F. Wass (secretary), R. H. E. Gleave (treasurer). In front: A. Hunt, K. J. Orriss, K. E. Fisk (president), P. E. Rolph (captain), J. A. Shambrook, G. Cresswell. On ground: D. Auret, M. J. A. Cooke.

Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

IPSWICH

THE story of the Ipswich Rugby Club may be divided into two chapters, opening with the foundation of the club in 1870, which entitles this East Anglian club to rank as one of the oldest in the country, though it cannot claim continuous existence.

The club came into being through the efforts of the late Professor Sir Charles Sherrington, O.M., and Russell Steward, and in its early days played on the Portman Road ground, now the headquarters of the town Association club. From old records it would appear that for a time both codes of football were played alternately, but eventually the Rugby game prevailed.

RUGBY in the old Suffolk market town flourished until the early part of the present century and the club helped in the formation of the Eastern Counties Union. Shortly afterwards, however, lack of support and ground difficulties, from which the club has never been free, caused it to close down until 1920, when the second chapter opened.

The revival of the club was largely due to the work of Engineer Commander

S. F. Cooper, the late secretary of the Rugby Union, who was then serving with the Boys' Training Establishment at H.M.S. Ganges, and with the support of G. H. Richmond, A. Hume-Welch, A. C. Clift and his brother, the late W. D. Clift, the club was reformed. Shortly afterwards these enthusiasts were joined by Geoffrey Smith, to act as secretary for many years, and Kenneth Fisk, now the popular president of Ipswich and the Eastern Counties Union.

AMONG the schools that changed over to the Rugby game around 1920 were those of Ipswich, Woodbridge, Culford and Northgate, and Framlingham College, and it is from these that the club chiefly recruits its members for the three fifteens fielded each week.

In this outpost of rugger, Ipswich has played an important part in keeping the game alive in an area where clubs are few and far apart. Now firmly established, Ipswich is gradually winning the hard battle for more extensive fixtures, without which no club can hope to reach first-class status. The recent visit of the New Zealand tourists to the seaport town should do much to further the game in Suffolk. The chief officials of the club, whose colours are black and amber, are J. F. Wass, erstwhile captain of Bath, secretary; W. G. Emuss, team secretary, and Peter Rolph, captain.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

WHAT is it makes the Irish sing? I believe it is partly their romantic approach to life, and partly because they have a wealth of enchanting folk songs which, because they are Irish, will never be allowed to remain unsung. They sing when they're happy and when they're sad; by the hearths in the small cabins in the West, in the public bars in Camden Town, in the desert, the prairie, wherever they may be, the Irish sing, and their singing is never irritating to the ear.

On this, the day of their patron saint, I commend to all Irishmen the world over a recent release of six Irish recordings; there are reels and set dances from Leo Rowsome and his Irish Pipers (H.M.V. B.D.1314-5) Superintendent C. O'Donnell Sweeney directs the Dublin Metropolitan Garda Ceilidhe Band in jigs, hornpipes and more set dances (H.M.V. B.D.1316-7). "One Day In Kilkenny" is sung to guitar accompaniment by Sandy Carr, sharing his record with J. Jordan, who offers a fine rendering of "The Irish Rover" (H.M.V. B.D.1318). And Frank O'Donovan uses his special talent most effectively by singing "The Road By The River" and "Sittin' On The Bridge Below The Town" (H.M.V. B.D.1319).

Robert Tredinnick

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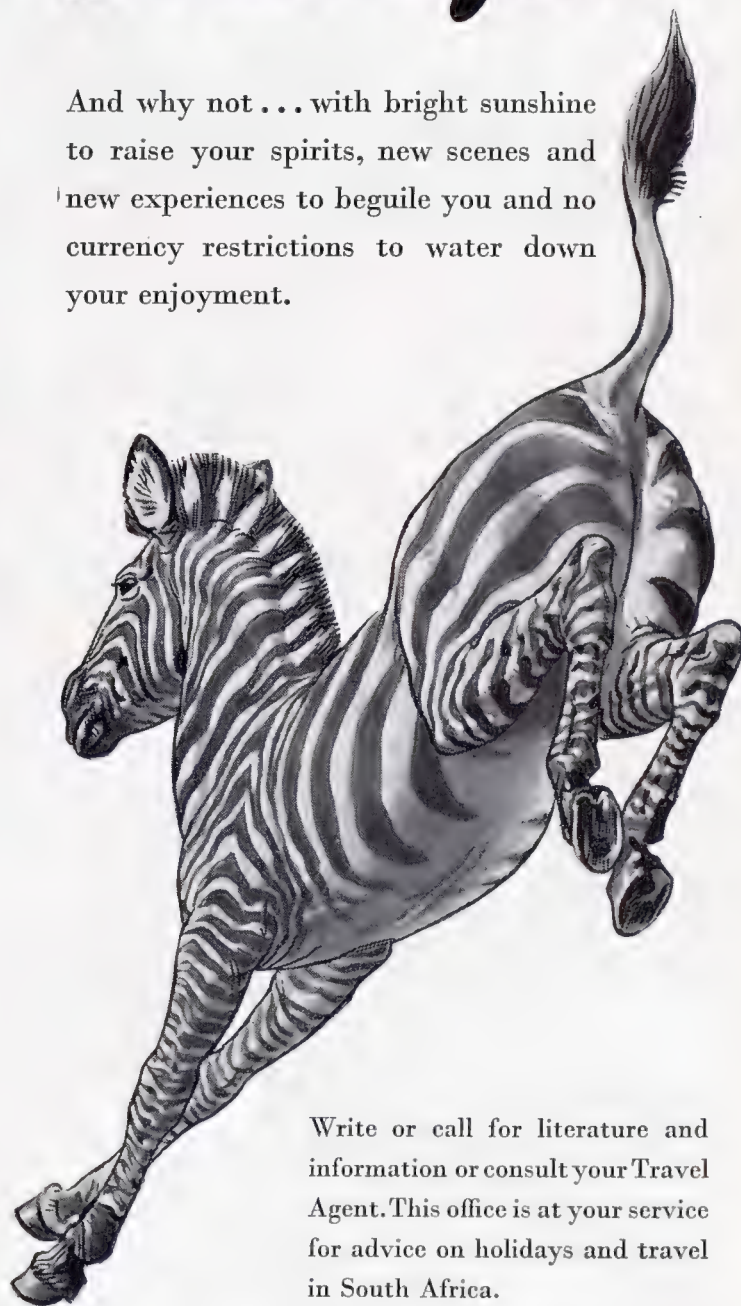
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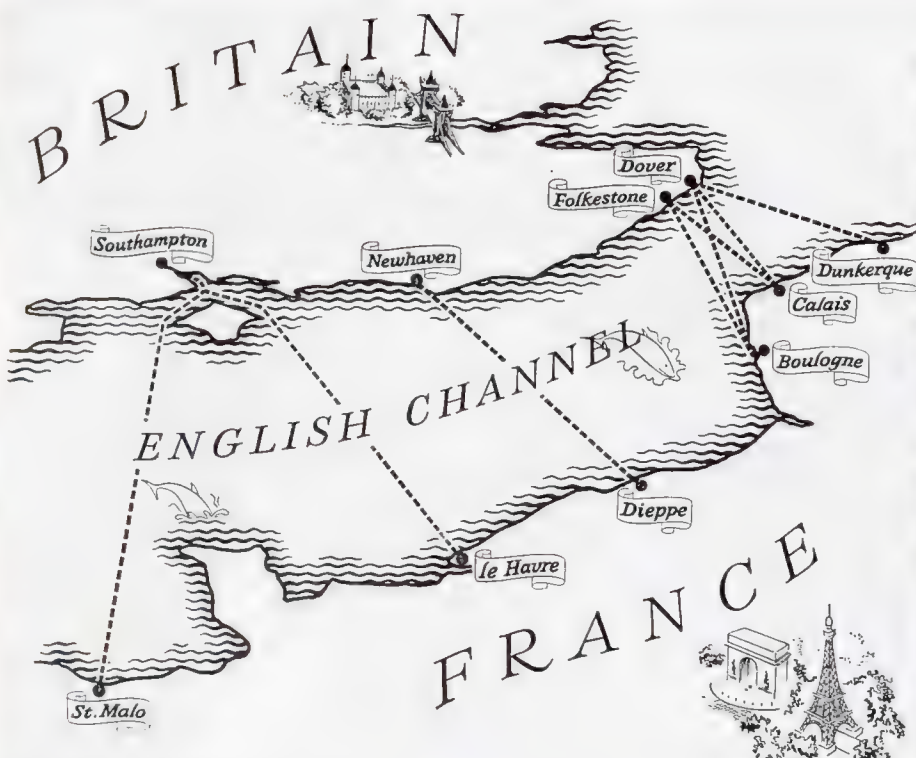
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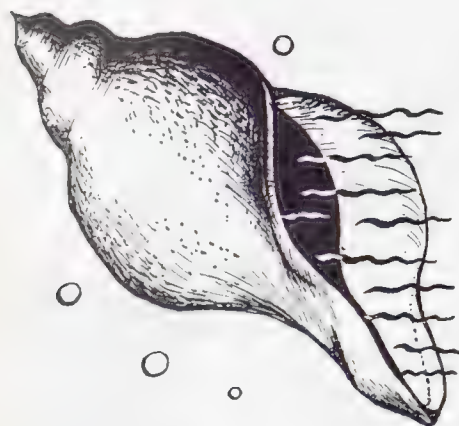
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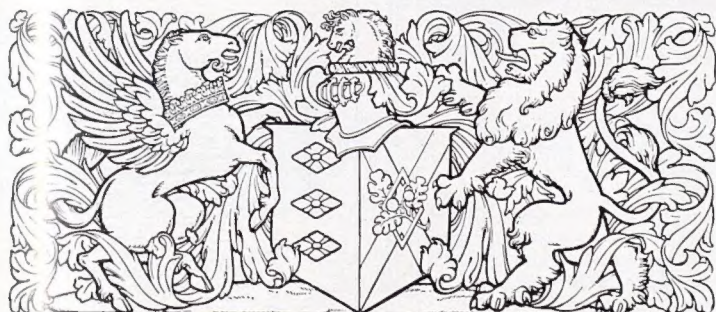
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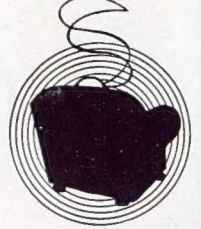
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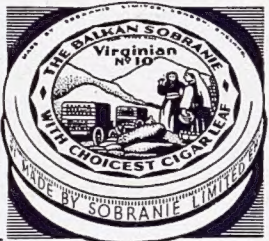
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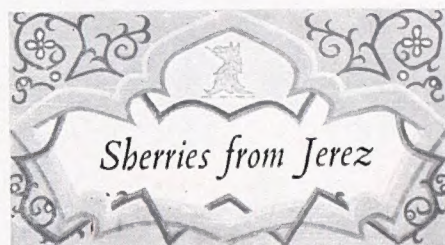


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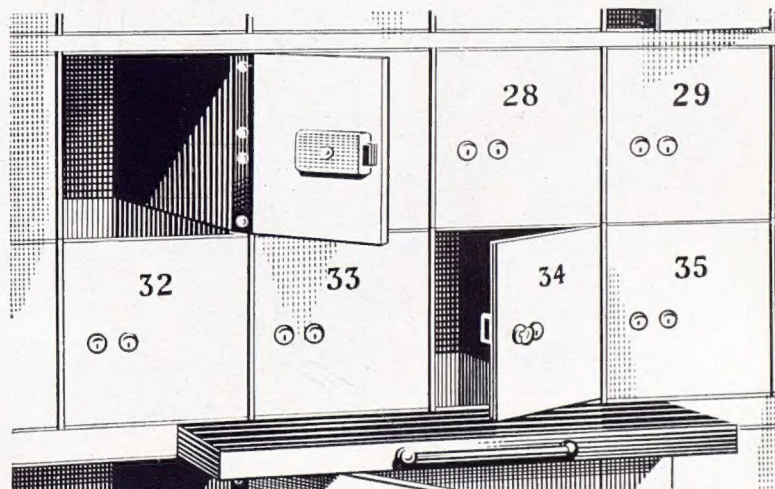
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